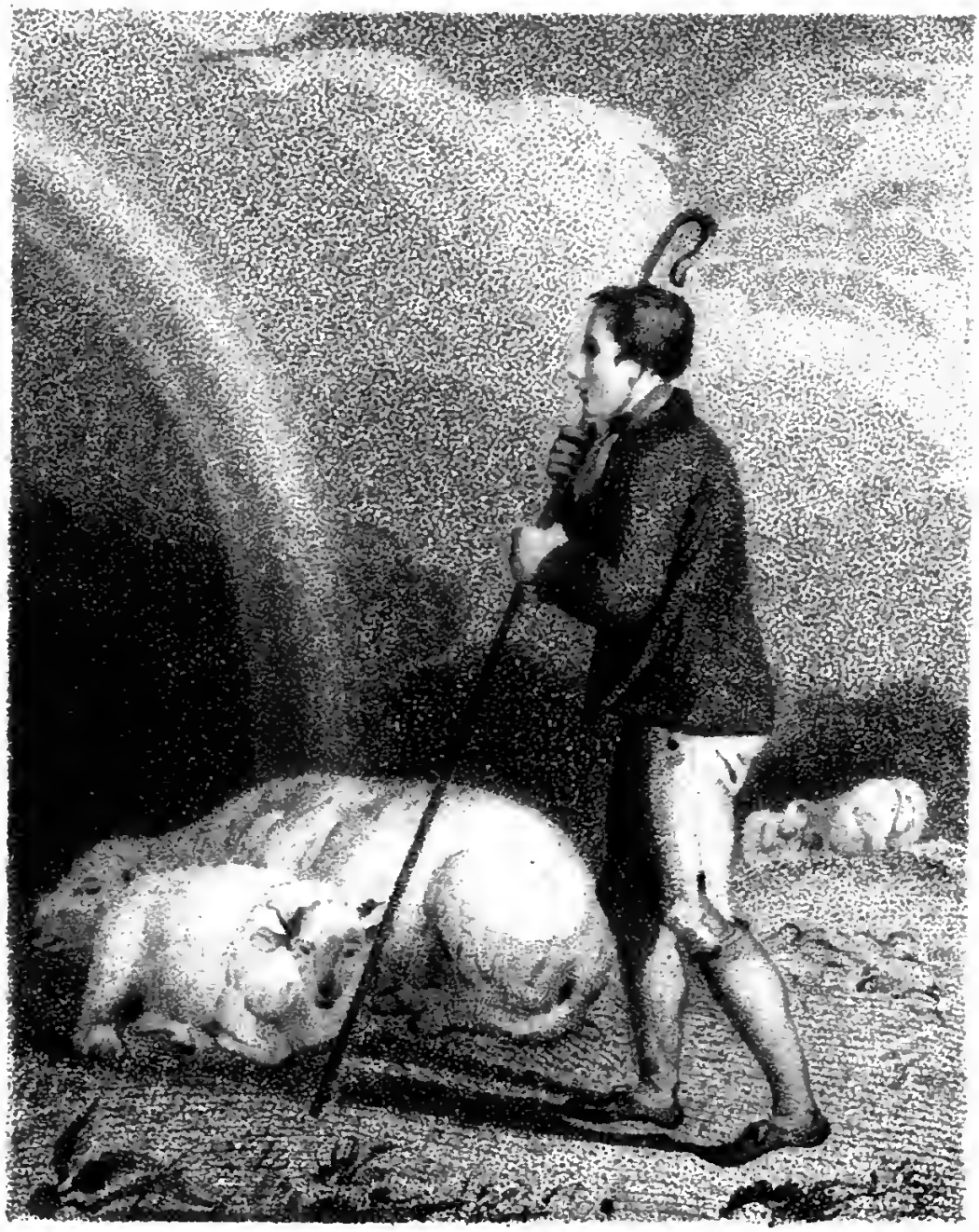

WILKIE

The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a shower is nigh.

Boy & the Rainbow

Painted by Richd Westall R.A. *Engraved by R. Meadows*

Published May 1st 1807 by John Sharpe

THE

BRITISH POETS:

WITH THE MOST

APPROVED TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,

WITH

DISSERTATIONS, NOTES, &c.

The Text collated with the best Editions,

BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS, BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

VOLS. LXV. LXVI.

CONTAINING THE SELECT POETICAL WORKS OF

WILKIE.

DODSLEY. SMART, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE.

1810—1824.

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SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

SELECT POEMS OF CHRISTOPHER SMART.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WILKIE, D.D.

WILLIAM WILKIE, D.D.

A DREAM.

(IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER [1].)

One evening as by pleasant Forth I stray'd
  In pensive mood, and meditated still
On poet's learned toil, with scorn repaid
  By envy's bitter spite, and want of skill;
  A cave I found, which open'd in a hill.
The floor was sand, with various shells yblended,
  Through which, in slow meanders, crept a rill;
The roof, by Nature's cunning slight suspended:
Thither my steps I turn'd, and there my journey ended.

Upon the ground my listless limbs I laid,
  Lull'd by the murmur of the passing stream:
Then sleep, soft stealing, did my eyes invade;
  And waking thought, soon ended in a dream.
  Transported to a region I did seem,
Which with Thessalian Tempe might compare:
  Of verdant shade compos'd, and watery gleam;
Not even Valdarno, thought so passing fair,
Might match this pleasant land, in all perfections rare.

[1] Published at the close of 'The Epigoniad,' to which poem it particularly alludes.

One, like a hoary palmer, near a brook,
  Under an arbour, seated did appear;
A shepherd-swain, attending, held a book,
  And seem'd to read therein that he mote hear.
  From curiosity I stepped near;
But ere I reach'd the place where they did sit,
  The whispering breezes wafted to my ear
The sound of rhymes which I myself had writ:
Rhymes much, alas! too mean, for such a judge unfit.

For him he seem'd who sung Achilles' rage,
  In lofty numbers that shall never die;
And wise Ulysses' tedious pilgrimage,
  So long the sport of sharp adversity:
  The praises of his merit, Fame on high,
With her shrill trump, for ever loud doth sound;
  With him no bard for excellence can vie,
Of all that late or ancient e'er were found;
So much he doth surpass ev'n bards the most renown'd.

The shepherd-swain invited me to come
  Up to the arbour where they seated were;
For Homer call'd me: much I fear'd the doom
  Which such a judge seem'd ready to declare.
  As I approach'd, with mickle dread and care,
He thus address'd me:—'Sir, the cause explain
  Why all your story here is told so bare;
Few circumstances mix'd of various grain;
Such, surely, much enrich and raise a poet's strain.'

'Certes, (quoth I) the critics are the cause
  Of this, and many other mischiefs more;

Who tie the Muses to such rigid laws,
That all their songs are frivolous and poor;
They cannot now, as oft they did before,
Ere powerful prejudice had clipt their wings,
Nature's domain with boundless flight explore,
And traffic freely in her precious things:
Each bard now fears the rod, and trembles while he sings.

'Though Shakspeare, still disdaining narrow rules,
His bosom fill'd with Nature's sacred fire,
Broke all the cobweb-limits fix'd by fools,
And left the world to blame him and admire.
Yet his reward few mortals would desire;
For, of his learned toil, the only meed
That ever I could find he did acquire,
Is that our dull, degenerate, age of lead,
Says that he wrote by chance, and that he scarce could read.'

'I ween (quoth he) that poets are to blame
When they submit to critics' tyranny:
For learned wights there is no greater shame,
Than blindly with their dictates to comply.
Who ever taught the eagle how to fly,
Whose wit did e'er his airy track define,
When with free wing he claims his native sky;
Say, will he steer his course by rule and line?
Certes, he'd scorn the bounds that would his flight confine.

'Not that the Muses' art is void of rules:
Many there are, I wot, and stricter far

Than those which pedants dictate from the schools,
Who wage with wit and taste eternal war:
For foggy ignorance their sight doth mar;
Nor can their low conception ever reach
To what dame Nature, crown'd with many a star,
Explains to such as know her learned speech;
But few can comprehend the lessons she doth teach.

'As many as the stars that gild the sky,
As many as the flowers that paint the ground,
In number like the insect-tribes that fly,
The various forms of beauty still are found;
That with strict limits no man may them bound,
And say that this, and this alone, is right:
Experience soon such rashness would confound,
And make its folly obvious to the light;
For such presumption sure becomes not mortal wight.

'Therefore, each bard should freely entertain
The hints which pleasing fancy gives at will;
Nor curb her sallies with too strict a rein,
Nature subjecting to her hand-maid Skill:
And you yourself in this have done but ill;
With many more, who have not comprehended
That genius, crampt, will rarely mount the hill,
Whose forked summit with the clouds is blended:
Therefore, when next you write, let this defect be mended.

'But, like a friend, who candidly reproves
For faults and errors which he doth espy,
Each vice he freely marks; yet always loves
To mingle favour with severity.

Certes, (quoth he) I cannot well deny,
That you in many things may hope to please:
You force a barbarous northern tongue to ply,
And bend it to your purposes with ease; [her seas.
Though rough as Albion's rocks, and hoarser than

'Nor are your tales, I wot, so loosely yok'd,
As those which Colin Clout[2] did tell before;
Nor with description crowded so, and chok'd,
Which, thinly spread, will always please the more.
Colin, I wot, was rich in Nature's store;
More rich than you, had more than he could use:
But mad Orlando[3] taught him had his lore;
Whose flights, at random, oft misled his muse:
To follow such a guide, few prudent men would choose.

'Me you have follow'd; Nature was my guide;
To this the merit of your verse is owing:
And know for certain, let it check your pride,
That all you boast of is of my bestowing.
The flowers I see, through all your garden blowing,
Are mine; most part, at least: I might demand,
Might claim them, as a crop of my own sowing,
And leave but few, thin scatter'd o'er the land:
A claim so just, I wot, you could not well withstand.'

'Certes, (quoth I) that justice were full hard,
Which me alone would sentence to restore;
When many a learned sage, and many a bard,
Are equally your debtors, or much more.

[2] Spenser.

[3] Ariosto, so called from his hero.

Let Tityrus [4] himself produce his store,
Take what is thine, but little will remain:
Little, I wot, and that indebted sore
To Ascra's bard [5], and Arethusa's swain [6];
And others too beside; who lent him many a strain.

'Nor could the modern bards afford to pay,
Whose songs exalt the champions of the Cross;
Take from each hoard thy sterling gold away,
And little will remain but worthless dross.
Not bards alone could ill support the loss;
But sages too, whose theft suspicious shun'd:
Ev'n that sly Greek [7], who steals and hides so close,
Were half a bankrupt, if he should refund,
While these are all forborne, shall I alone be dun'd?'

He smil'd; and from his wrath, which well could spare
Such boon, the wreath with which his locks were [clad,
Pluck'd a few leaves to hide my temples bare;
The present I receiv'd with heart full glad.
'Henceforth, (quoth I) I never will be sad;
For now I shall obtain my share of fame:
Nor will licentious wit, or envy bad,
With bitter taunts, my verses dare to blame:
This garland shall protect them, and exalt my name!'

But dreams are short; for as I thought to lay
My limbs at ease upon the flowery ground,
And drink, with greedy ear, what he might say,
As murmuring waters sweet, or music's sound,

[4] Virgil. [5] Hesiod. [6] Theocritus.

[7] Plato, reckoned by Longinus one of the greatest imitators of Homer.

My sleep departed; and I, waking, found
Myself again by Fortha's pleasant stream.
Homewards I step'd, in meditation drown'd,
Reflecting on the meaning of my dream;
Which let each wight interpret as him best doth
seem.

FABLES.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Ye deep philosophers who can
Explain that various creature, man,
Say, is there any point so nice,
As that of offering advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Though you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good; admit him wise;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse:
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn:
This, too, must fail; the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.

And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirise, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons, which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows it makes out.
  There was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain, for every course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange, to think how female wit,
So oft should make a lucky hit,

When man with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange I own, but true
Mamma observ'd the rising lass,
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving like a prudent mother
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty—
All this the looking-glass achiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice;
So when all other means had fail'd
The silent monitor prevail'd.
Thus, fable to the human kind
Presents an image of the mind;
It is a mirror where we spy
At large our own deformity,
And learn of course those faults to mend
Which but to mention would offend.

THE KITE AND THE ROOKS.

You say 'tis vain, in verse or prose,
To tell what every body knows;
And stretch invention to express
Plain truths which all men will confess:
Go on the argument to mend,
Prove that to know is to attend,
And that we ever keep in sight
What reason tells us once is right;
Till this is done you must excuse
The zeal and freedom of my muse
In hinting to the human kind,
What few deny, but fewer mind:
There is a folly which we blame,
'Tis strange that it should want a name,
For sure no other finds a place
So often in the human race;
I mean the tendency to spy
Our neighbour's faults with sharpen'd eye,
And make his lightest failings known,
Without attending to our own.
The prude in daily use to vex
With groundless censure half the sex,
Of rigid virtue, honour nice,
And much a foe to every vice,
Tells lies, without remorse and shame,
Yet never thinks herself to blame.
A scrivener, though afraid to kill,
Yet scruples not to forge a will;
Abhors the soldier's bloody feats,
While he as freely damns all cheats:

The reason's plain, 'tis not his way
To lie, to cozen, and betray.
But tell me, if to take by force,
Is not as bad at least, or worse.
The pimp who owns it as his trade
To poach for letchers, and be paid;
Thinks himself honest in his station,
But rails at rogues that sell the nation;
Nor would he stoop in any case,
And stain his honour for a place.
To mark this error of mankind
The tale which follows is design'd.
A flight of rooks one harvest-morn
Had stopt upon a field of corn,
Just when a kite, as authors say,
Was passing on the wing that way:
His honest heart was fill'd with pain,
To see the farmer lose his grain,
So lighting gently on a shock
He thus the foragers bespoke:—
'Believe me, sirs, you're much to blame;
'Tis strange, that neither fear nor shame
Can keep you from your usual way
Of stealth, and pilfering every day.
No sooner has the' industrious swain
His field turn'd up, and sow'd the grain,
But ye come flocking on the wing,
Prepar'd to snatch it ere it spring:
And, after all his toil and care,
Leave every furrow spoil'd and bare:
If aught escapes your greedy bills,
Which nurs'd by summer grows and fills,
'Tis still your prey: and though ye know
No rook did ever till or sow,

Ye boldly reap, without regard
To justice, industry's reward,
And use it freely as your own,
Though men and cattle should get none.
I never did in any case
Descend to practices so base:
Though stung with hunger's sharpest pain,
I still have scorn'd to touch a grain,
Ev'n when I had it in my pow'r
To do't with safety every hour:
For, trust me, nought that can be gain'd
Is worth a character unstain'd.'
Thus with a face austerely grave
Harangu'd the hypocrite and knave;
And answering from amidst the flock
A rook with indignation spoke.
'What has been said, is strictly true,
Yet comes not decently from you;
For sure it indicates a mind
From selfish passions more than blind,
To miss your greater crimes, and quote
Our lighter failings thus by rote.
I must confess we wrong the swain
Too oft by pilfering of his grain:
But is our guilt like yours, I pray,
Who rob and murder every day?
No harmless bird can mount the skies
But you attack him as he flies;
And when at eve he lights to rest,
You stoop and snatch him from his nest.
The husbandman, who seems to share
So large a portion from your care,
Say, is he ever off his guard,
While you are hovering o'er the yard?

He knows too well your usual tricks,
Your ancient spite to tender chicks,
And that you like a felon watch,
For something to surprise and snatch.'
At this rebuke so just, the kite,
Surpris'd, abash'd, and silenc'd quite,
And prov'd a villain to his face,
Straight soar'd aloft and left the place.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE GLOWWORM.

When ignorance possess'd the schools,
And reign'd by Aristotle's rules,
Ere Verulam, like dawning light,
Rose to dispel the Gothic night:
A man was taught to shut his eyes,
And grow abstracted—to be wise.
Nature's broad volume fairly spread,
Where all true science might be read,
The wisdom of the' Eternal Mind,
Declar'd and publish'd to mankind,
Was quite neglected, for the whims
Of mortals and their airy dreams:
By narrow principles and few,
By hasty maxims, oft untrue,
By words and phrases ill-defin'd,
Evasive truth they hop'd to bind;
Which still escap'd them, and the elves
At last caught nothing but themselves.
Nor is this folly modern quite,
'Tis ancient too; the Stagyrite
Improv'd at first, and taught his school
By rules of art to play the fool.

Ev'n Plato, from example bad,
Would oft turn sophist, and run mad:
Make Socrates himself discourse
Like Clarke and Leibnitz, oft-times worse;
'Bout quirks and subtilties contending,
Beyond all human comprehending.
From some strange bias men pursue
False knowledge still in place of true;
Build airy systems of their own,
This moment rais'd, the next pull'd down;
While few attempt to catch those rays
Of truth which nature still displays
Throughout the universal plan,
From moss and mushrooms up to man.
This sure were better; but we hate
To borrow when we can create;
And therefore stupidly prefer
Our own conceits, by which we err,
To all the wisdom to be gain'd
From nature and her laws explain'd.

One evening, when the sun was set,
A grasshopper and glowworm met
Upon a hillock in a dale,
(As Mab the fairy tells the tale:)
Vain and conceited of his spark,
Which brighten'd as the night grew dark,
The shining reptile swell'd with pride
To see his rays on every side,
Mark'd by a circle on the ground
Of livid light some inches round.

Quoth he, 'If glowworms never shone,
To light the earth, when day is gone,
In spite of all the stars that burn,
Primeval darkness would return:

They're less and dimmer, one may see,
Besides much further off than we;
And therefore through a long descent
Their light is scatter'd quite and spent:
While ours, compacter and at hand,
Keeps night and darkness at a stand,
Diffus'd around in many a ray,
Whose brightness emulates the day.'
This pass'd and more, without dispute,
The patient grasshopper was mute:
But soon the east began to glow
With light appearing from below,
And level from the ocean's streams
The moon emerging shot her beams,
To gild the mountains and the woods,
And shake and glitter on the floods.
The glowworm, when he found his light
Grow pale, and faint, and vanish quite,
Before the moon's prevailing ray
Began his envy to display.
'That globe, (quoth he) which seems so fair,
Which brightens all the earth and air,
And sends its beams so far abroad,
Is nought, believe me, but a clod;
A thing, which, if the sun were gone,
Has no more light in't than a stone;
Subsisting merely by supplies
From Phœbus, in the nether skies:
My light, indeed, I must confess,
On some occasions will be less;
But spite itself will hardly say
I'm debtor for a single ray;
'Tis all my own, and on the score
Of merit mounts to ten times more

Than any planet can demand
For light dispens'd at second hand.'
  To hear the paltry insect boast
The grasshopper all patience lost:
  Quoth he, ' My friend, it may be so,
The moon with borrow'd light may glow;
That your faint glimmering is your own,
I think is question'd yet by none:
But sure the office to collect
The solar brightness and reflect,
To catch those rays that would be spent
Quite useless in the firmament,
And turn them downwards on the shade
Which absence of the sun has made,
Amounts to more, in point of merit,
Than all your tribe did e'er inherit:
Oft by that planet's friendly ray
The midnight-traveller finds his way:
Safe, by the favour of his beams,
Midst precipices, lakes, and streams;
While you mislead him, and your light,
Seen like a cottage-lamp by night,
With hopes to find a safe retreat,
Allures and tempts him to his fate:
As this is so, I needs must call
The merit of your light but small:
You need not boast on't, though your own;
'Tis light, indeed, but worse than none;
Unlike to what the moon supplies,
Which you call borrow'd, and despise.'

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of every kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possess'd
Of talents far above the rest.
  Descend to instances and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of every creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of humankind
Consists in rectitude of mind,
A will subdued to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a generous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience, which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom, never sad nor sour:
In these consist our proper bliss;
Else Plato reasons much amiss.
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true;

Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While reason no assent can gain,
And revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives in every stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us, like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
All Epictetus in my verse;
And if I fondly hope to please
With dry reflections, such as these,
So trite, so hacknied, and so stale?
I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.
One evening as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a shower is nigh;
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet, and be rich;
Hoping, (yet hopes are oft but vain)
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire:
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the rainbow seem'd to stand,

And stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and slipt away,
As seeming his approach to shun;
From walking he began to run,
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue;
At last through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy rock and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

THE SWAN AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

Each candidate for public fame
Engages in a desperate game:
His labour he will find but lost,
Or less than half repaid, at most.
To prove this point I shall not choose
The arguments which Stoics use;
That human life is but a dream,
And few things in it what they seem;
That praise is vain and little worth,
An empty bauble, and so forth.
I'll offer one, but of a kind
Not half so subtle and refin'd;
Which, when the rest are out of sight,
May sometimes chance to have its weight.
The man who sets his merits high,
To glitter in the public eye,

Should have defects but very small,
Or, strictly speaking, none at all:
For that success which spreads his fame,
Provokes each envious tongue to blame;
And makes his faults and failings known
Where'er his better parts are shown.
  Upon a time, as poets sing,
The birds all waited on their king,
His hymeneal rites to grace;
A flowery meadow was the place;
They all were frolicsome and gay
Amidst the pleasures of the day,
And ere the festival was clos'd,
A match at singing was propos'd.
The queen herself a wreath prepar'd,
To be the conqueror's reward;
With store of pinks and daisies in it,
And many a songster tried to win it;
But all the judges soon confess'd
The swan superior to the rest;
He got the garland from the bride,
With honour and applause beside.
A tattling goose, with envy stung,
Although herself she ne'er had sung,
Took this occasion to reveal
What swans seem studious to conceal,
And, skill'd in satire's artful ways,
Invective introduc'd with praise.
  'The swan, (quoth she) upon my word,
Deserves applause from every bird:
By proof his charming voice you know,
His feathers soft and white as snow;
And if you saw him when he swims
Majestic on the silver streams,

He'd seem complete in all respects:
But nothing is without defects;
For that is true, which few would think,
His legs and feet are black as ink'—
'As black as ink—if this be true,
To me 'tis wonderful and new,
(The sov'reign of the birds replied)
But soon the truth on't shall be tried.
Sir, show your limbs, and, for my sake,
Confute at once this foul mistake,
For I'll maintain, and I am right,
That, like your feathers, they are white.'
'Sir, (quoth the swan) it would be vain
For me a falsehood to maintain;
My legs are black, and proof will show
Beyond dispute that they are so:
But if I had not got a prize
Which glitters much in some folk's eyes,
Not half the birds had ever known
What truth now forces me to own.'

THE RAKE AND THE HERMIT.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Relief'd the traveller and his steed,
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames,

Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our traveller as he sat
By intervals began to chat:
'Tis odd, (quoth he) to think what strains
Of folly govern some folk's brains!
What makes you choose this wild abode?—
You'll say, 'tis to converse with God!
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim:
You never saw or spoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And say it rules us every hour;
To me, all nature seems confusion,
And such weak fancies mere delusion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be such a thing as night;
Which, when the sun has left the skies,
Puts all things in a deep disguise?
If then a traveller chance to stray
The least step from the public way,
He's soon in endless mazes lost,
As I have found it to my cost.
Besides, the gloom which nature wears,
Assists imaginary fears
Of ghosts and goblins, from the waves
Of sulphurous lakes, and yawning graves;
All sprung from superstitious seed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith suggests when reason fails:
And reason nothing understands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
These subtle essences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,

It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie
Which says, men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out:
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course; the rest is folly,
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.'—
'Sir, (quoth the hermit) I agree
That reason still our guide should be;
And will admit her as the test,
Of what is true, and what is best:
But reason sure would blush for shame
At what you mention, in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of folly:
Reason, with measur'd steps and slow,
To things above from things below
Ascends, and guides us through her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care:
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
And reason puts her in her hands,
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from heav'n.
'Tis strange that man, a reasoning creature,
Should miss a God in viewing nature:
Whose high perfections are display'd
In every thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
When found again, we see them most;
The night itself, which you would blame
As something wrong in nature's frame,
Is but a curtain to invest
Her weary children, when at rest:

Like that which mothers draw, to keep
The light off from a child asleep.
Beside, the fears which darkness breeds,
At least augments, in vulgar heads,
Are far from useless, when the mind
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds and oaths, and ill-got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
And, in defence of virtue's cause,
Assist each sanction of the laws.
But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
And superstitious dread expels,
The silent majesty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight:
With saints and angels to explore
The wonders of creating power;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the sphere of mortal things:
Walk forth and tread those dewy plains
Where night in awful silence reigns:
The sky's serene, the air is still,
The woods stand listening on each hill,
To catch the sounds that sink and swell
Wide-floating from the evening bell,
While foxes howl and beetles hum,
Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
And try if folly, rash and rude,
Dares on the sacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to Heaven's broad frame,
Attempt to quote those lights by name,
Which shine so thick and spread so far;
Conceive a sun in every star,

Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets shoot athwart the whole.
From system still to system ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And shaking from their flaming hair
The things most needed every where.
Explore this glorious scene, and say
That night discovers less than day;
That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
That chance disposes, not design:
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad, or else a dunce.
For reason, though 'tis far from strong,
Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
From signs and evidences clear,
Of wise contrivance every where.'
  The hermit ended; and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At least he yielded; and confess'd
That all was order'd for the best.

THE BREEZE AND THE TEMPEST.

That nation boasts a happy fate,
Whose prince is good, as well as great;
Calm peace at home with plenty reigns,
The law its proper course obtains;
Abroad the public is respected,
And all its interests are protected:
But when his genius, weak or strong,
Is by ambition pointed wrong,
When private greatness has possess'd,
In place of public good, his breast;

'Tis certain, and I'll prove it true,
That every mischief must ensue.
On some pretence a war is made,
The citizen must change his trade;
His steers the husbandman unyokes,
The shepherd too must quit his flocks,
His harmless life and honest gain,
To rob, to murder, and be slain:
The fields, once fruitful, yield no more
Their yearly produce as before:
Each useful plant neglected dies,
While idle weeds licentious rise
Unnumber'd, to usurp the land
Where yellow harvests us'd to stand.
Lean famine soon in course succeeds;
Diseases follow as she leads.
No infant bands at close of day
In every village sport and play.
The streets are throng'd with orphans dying
For want of bread, and widows crying;
Fierce rapine walks abroad unchain'd,
By civil order not restrain'd;
Without regard to right and wrong,
The weak are injur'd by the strong.
The hungry mouth but rarely tastes
The fattening food which riot wastes;
All ties of conscience lose their force,
Ev'n sacred oaths grow words of course.
By what strange cause are kings inclin'd
To heap such mischief on mankind?
What powerful arguments control
The native dictates of the soul?
The love of glory, and a name
Loud sounded by the trump of fame:

Nor shall they miss their end, unless
Their guilty projects want success.
Let one possess'd of sovereign sway
Invade, and murder, and betray;
Let war and rapine fierce be hurl'd
Through half the nations of the world;
And prove successful in a course
Of bad designs, and actions worse;
At once a demigod he grows,
And, incens'd both in verse and prose,
Becomes the idol of mankind;
Though to what's good he's weak and blind;
Approv'd, applauded, and respected,
While better rulers are neglected.
  Where Shott's airy tops divide
Fair Lothian from the vale of Clyde,
A tempest from the east and north
Fraught with the vapours of the Forth,
In passing to the Irish seas,
Once chanc'd to meet the western breeze.
The tempest hail'd him with a roar,
'Make haste and clear the way before;
No paltry zephyr must pretend
To stand before me, or contend:
Begone, or in a whirlwind tost
Your weak existence will be lost.'
  The tempest thus:—The breeze replied,
'If both our merits should be tried,
Impartial justice would decree
That you should yield the way to me.'
  At this the tempest rav'd and storm'd,
Grew black and ten times more deform'd.
'What qualities (quoth he) of thine,
Vain flattering wind, can equal mine?

Breath'd from some river, lake, or bog,
Your rise at first is in a fog;
And, creeping slowly o'er the meads,
Scarce stir the willows or the reeds;
While those that feel you hardly know
The certain point from which you blow.
From earth's deep womb, the child of fire,
Fierce, active, vigorous, like my sire,
I rush to light; the mountains quake
With dread, and all their forests shake;
The globe itself, convuls'd and torn,
Feels pangs unusual when I'm born:
Now free in air with sovereign sway,
I rule, and all the clouds obey:
From east to west my power extends,
Where day begins, and where it ends:
And from Boötes downwards far,
Athwart the track of every star.
Through me the polar deep disdains
To sleep in winter's frosty chains;
But rous'd to rage indignant, heaves
Huge rocks of ice upon its waves:
While dread tornados lift on high
The broad Atlantic to the sky,
I rule the elemental roar,
And strew with shipwrecks every shore:
Nor less at land my power is known,
From Zembla to the burning zone.
I bring Tartarian frosts to kill
The bloom of summer; when I will
Wide desolation doth appear
To mingle and confound the year:
From cloudy Atlas wrapt in night,
On Barka's sultry plains I light,

And make at once the desert rise
In dusty whirlwinds to the skies;
In vain the traveller turns his steed,
And shuns me with his utmost speed;
I overtake him as he flies,
O'erblown he struggles, pants, and dies.
Where some proud city lifts in air
Its spires, I make a desert bare;
And when I choose, for pastime's sake,
Can with a mountain shift a lake;
The Nile himself, at my command,
Oft hides his head beneath the sand,
And, midst dry deserts blown and tost,
For many a sultry league is lost.
All this I do with perfect ease,
And can repeat whene'er I please:
What merit makes you then pretend
With me to argue and contend,
When all you boast of force or skill
Is scarce enough to turn a mill,
Or help the swain to clear his corn,
The servile tasks for which you're born?'
'Sir, (quoth the breeze) if force alone
Must pass for merit, I have none;
At least I'll readily confess
That your's is greater, mine is less.
But merit rightly understood
Consists alone in doing good;
And therefore you yourself must see
That preference is due to me:
I cannot boast to rule the skies
Like you, and make the ocean rise,
Nor e'er with shipwrecks strew the shore,
For wives and orphans to deplore.

Mine is the happier task, to please
The mariner, and smooth the seas,
And waft him safe from foreign harms
To bless his consort's longing arms.
With you I boast not to confound
The seasons in their annual round,
And mar that harmony in nature
That comforts every living creature.
But oft from warmer climes I bring
Soft airs to introduce the spring;
With genial heat unlock the soil,
And urge the ploughman to his toil;
I bid the opening blooms unfold
Their streaks of purple, blue, and gold,
And waft their fragrance to impart
That new delight to every heart,
Which makes the shepherd all day long
To carol sweet his vernal song:
The summer's sultry heat to cool,
From every river, lake, and pool,
I skim fresh airs. The tawny swain,
Who turns at noon the furrow'd plain,
Refresh'd and trusting in my aid,
His task pursues, and scorns the shade:
And ev'n on Afric's sultry coast,
Where such immense exploits you boast,
I blow to cool the panting flocks
Midst deserts brown and sun-burnt rocks,
And health and vigour oft supply
To such as languish, faint, and die:
Those humbler offices you nam'd,
To own I'll never be asham'd,
With twenty others that conduce
To public good or private use,

The meanest of them far outweighs
The whole amount of all your praise;
If to give happiness and joy,
Excels the talent to destroy.'
  The tempest, that till now had lent
Attention to the argument,
Again began (his patience lost)
To rage, to threaten, huff, and boast;
Since reasons fail'd, resolv'd in course
The question to decide by force,
And his weak opposite to brave—
The breeze retreated to a cave
To shelter, till the raging blast
Had spent its fury, and was past.

THE CROW AND OTHER BIRDS.

(Containing an useful hint to the Critics.)

In ancient times, tradition says,
When birds like men would strive for praise;
The bulfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
With all that chant from tree or bush,
Would often meet in song to vie;
The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
A knavish crow, it seems, had got
The knack to criticise by rote:
He understood each learned phrase,
As well as critics now-a-days:
Some say, he learn'd them from an owl,
By listening where he taught a school.
'Tis strange to tell, this subtle creature,
Though nothing musical by nature,

Had learn'd so well to play his part,
With nonsense couch'd in terms of art,
As to be own'd by all at last
Director of the public taste.
Then, puff'd with insolence and pride,
And sure of numbers on his side,
Each song he freely criticis'd;
What he approv'd not, was despis'd:
But one false step in evil hour
For ever stript him of his pow'r.
Once when the birds assembled sat,
All listening to his formal chat;
By instinct nice he chanc'd to find
A cloud approaching in the wind,
And ravens hardly can refrain
From croaking, when they think of rain:
His wonted song he sung: the blunder
Amaz'd and scar'd them, worse than thunder;
For no one thought so harsh a note
Could ever sound from any throat:
They all at first with mute surprise
Each on his neighbour turn'd his eyes:
But scorn succeeding soon took place,
And might be read in every face.
All this the raven saw with pain,
And strove his credit to regain.
Quoth he: 'The solo which ye heard,
In public should not have appear'd:
The trifle of an idle hour,
To please my mistress once when sour:
My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
Might chance the melody to wrong,
But, tried by rules, you'll find the grounds
Most perfect and harmonious sounds.'

He reason'd thus; but to his trouble,
At every word the laugh grew double:
At last, o'ercome with shame and spite,
He flew away quite out of sight.

THE HARE AND THE PARTAN [1].

The chief design of this fable is, to give a true specimen of the Scotch dialect, where it may be supposed to be most perfect; namely, in Mid-Lothian, the seat of the capital. The style is precisely that of the vulgar Scotch; and that the matter might be suitable to it, I chose for the subject a little story adapted to the ideas of peasants. It is a tale commonly told in Scotland among the country people; and may be looked upon as of the kind of those *Aniles Fabellæ*, in which *Horace* observes his country neighbours were accustomed to convey their rustic philosophy.

A CANNY man [2] will scarce provoke
Ae [3] creature livin, for a joke;
For be they weak, or be they strang [4],
A jibe [5] leaves after it a stang [6]

[1] The crab.

[2] A canny man signifies nearly the same thing as a prudent man: but when the Scotch say that a person is *not* canny, they mean not that they are imprudent, but mischievous and dangerous. If the term *not canny* is applied to persons without being explained, it charges them with sorcery and witchcraft.

[3] One.

[4] The Scotch always turn *o* in the syllable *ong*, into *a*. In place of *long*, they say *lang*; in place of *tongs*, *tangs*; as here *strang*, for *strong*.

[5] A satirical jest. [6] Sting.

To mak them think on't; and a laird[7]
May find a beggar sae prepair'd,
Wi pawks[8] and wiles, whar pith[9] is wantin,
As soon will mak him rue his tauntin.
Ye hae my moral, if am able
All fit it nicely wi a fable.
A hare, ae morning, chanc'd to see
A partan creepin on a lee[10];
A fishwife[11], wha was early oot,
Had drapt[12] the creature thereaboot.
Mawkin[13] bumbas'd[14] and frighted sair[15],
To see a thing but hide and hair,[16],
Which if it stur'd not might be ta'en[17]
For naething ither than a stane[18],
A squunt-wise[19] wambling[20], sair beset
Wi gerse and rashes[21], like a net,

7 A gentleman of an estate in land.

8 Stratagems. 9 Strength.

10 A piece of ground let run into grass for pasture.

11 A woman that sells fish. It is to be observed, that the Scotch always use the word *wife* where the English would use the word *woman*.

12 Dropt.

13 A cant name for a Hare, like that of Reynard for a Fox, or Grimalkin for a Cat, &c.

14 Astonish'd.

15 Sore. I shall observe, once for all, that the Scotch avoid the vowels *o* and *u*; and have in innumerable instances supplied their places with *a* and *e*, or diphthongs in which these letters are predominant.

16 Without hide and hair. 17 Taken.

18 Nothing other than a stone.

19 Obliquely or asquat.

20 A feeble motion like that of a worm.

21 Grass and rushes. The vowel *e*, which comes in place

First thought to rin [22] for't; for bi kind
A hare's nae fetcher [23], ye maun mind [24]:
But seeing that wi [25] aw its strength
It scarce could creep a tether length [26],
The hare grew baulder [27] and cam near;
Turn'd playsome, and forgat her fear.
Quoth Mawkin, 'Was there ere in nature
Sae feckless [28] and sae poor a creature?
It scarcely kens [29], or am mistaen,
The way to gang [30] or stand its lane [31].
See how it steitters [32]; all be bund [33]
To rin a mile of up-hill grund
Before it gets a rig-braid frae [34]
The place its in, though doon the brae [35].'

of *a*, is by a metathesis put between the consonants *g* and *r* to soften the sound.

[22] Run. [23] Fighter.

[24] You must remember. [25] With all.

[26] The length of a rope used to confine cattle when they pasture, to a particular spot. [27] Bolder.

[28] Feeble. *Feckful* and *feckless* signify *strong* and *weak*, I suppose from the verb to *effect*.

[29] Knows, or I am in a mistake. [30] Go.

[31] Alone, or without assistance.

[32] Walks in a weak stumbling way. [33] I will be bound.

[34] The breadth of a ridge from. In Scotland about four fathoms.

[35] An ascent or descent. It is worth observing, that the Scotch, when they mention a rising ground with respect to the whole of it, they call it a *knau*, if small, and a *hill*, if great; but if they respect only one side of either, they call it a *brae*, which is probably a corruption of the English word *brow*, according to the analogy I mentioned before.

Mawkin wi this began to frisk,
And thinkin[36] there was little risk,
Clapt baith her feet on Partan's back,
And turn'd him awald[37] in a crack.
To see the creature sprawl, her sport
Grew twice as good, yet prov'd but short.
For parting wi her fit[38], in play,
Just whar the partan's nippers lay,
He gript it fast, which made her squeel,
And think she bourded[39] wi the deil.
She strave to rin, and made a sistle:
The tither catch'd a tough bur thristle[40];
Which held them baith, till o'er a dyke
A herd cam stending[41] wi his tyke[42],
And fell'd poor mawkin, sairly ruein,
Whan forc'd to drink of her ain brewin[43].

36 Thinking. When polysyllables terminate in *ing*, the Scotch almost always neglect the *g*, which softens the sound.

37 Topsy turvy. 38 Foot.

39 To *bourd* with any person, is to attack him in the way of jest.

40 Thistle. The Scotch, though they commonly affect soft sounds, and throw out consonants and take in vowels, in order to obtain them, yet in some cases, of which this is an example, they do the very reverse; and bring in superfluous consonants to roughen the sound, when such sounds are more agreeable to the roughness of the thing represented.

41 Leaping. 42 Dog.

43 Brewing. 'To drink of one's own brewing,' is a proverbial expression, for suffering the effects of one's own misconduct. The English say, 'As they bake, so let them brew.'

A DIALOGUE.

THE AUTHOR AND A FRIEND.

'HERE, take your papers'—'Have you look'd
them o'er?'—
'Yes, half a dozen times, I think, or more.'—
'And will they pass?'—'They'll serve but for a day;
Few books can now do more: You know the way;
A trifle's puff'd till one edition's sold,
In half a week at most a book grows old.
The penny turn'd 's the only point in view;
So every thing will pass, if 'tis but new.'—
'By what you say, I easily can guess
You rank me with the drudges for the press;
Who from their garrets shower Pindarics down,
Or plaintive elegies to lull the town.'—
'You take me wrong: I only meant to say,
That every book that's new will have its day;
The best no more: for books are seldom read:
The world's grown dull, and publishing a trade.
Were this not so, could Ossian's deathless strains,
Of high heroic times the sole remains,
Strains which display perfections to our view,
Which polish'd Greece and Italy ne'er knew,
With modern epics share one common lot,
This day applauded, and the next forgot?'—
'Enough of this; to put the question plain.
Will men of sense and taste approve my strain?
Will my old-fashion'd sense and comic ease
With better judges have a chance to please?'—
'The question's plain, but hard to be resolv'd;
One little less important can be solv'd:

The men of sense and taste, believe it true,
Will ne'er to living authors give their due.
They're candidates for fame in different ways;
One writes romances, and another plays,
A third prescribes you rules for writing well,
Yet bursts with envy if you should excel.
Through all fame's walks, the college and the court,
The field of combat and the field of sport;
The stage, the pulpit, senate-house, and bar,
Merit with merit lives at constant war.
'All who can judge, affect not public fame;
Of those that do, the paths are not the same;
A grave historian hardly needs to fear
The rival glory of a sonnetteer:
The deep philosopher, who turns mankind
Quite inside outwards, and dissects the mind;
Would look but whimsical and strangely out,
To grudge some quack his treatise on the gout.'—
'Hold, hold, my friend, all this I know, and more;
An ancient bard [1] has told us long before;
And, by examples easily decided,
That folks of the same trades are most divided.
But folks of different trades, that hunt for fame,
Are constant rivals, and their ends the same:
It needs no proof, you'll readily confess,
That merit envies merit, more or less:
The passion rules alike in those who share
Of public reputation, or despair.
Varrus has knowledge, humour, taste, and sense,
Could purchase laurels at a small expense;
But wise and learn'd, and eloquent in vain,
He sleeps at ease in pleasure's silken chain:
Will Varrus help you to the muse's crown,
Which, but for indolence, might be his own?

[1] Hesiod.

Timon with art and industry aspires
To fame; the world applauds him, and admires:
Timon has sense, and will not blame a line
He knows is good, from envy or design:
Some general praise he'll carelessly express,
Which just amounts to none, and sometimes less:
But if his penetrating sense should spy
Such beauties as escape a vulgar eye,
So finely couch'd, their value to enhance, [chance;
That all are pleas'd, yet think they're pleas'd by
Rather than blab such secrets to the throng,
He'd lose a finger, or bite off his tongue.
Narcissus is a beau, but not an ass,
He likes your works, but most his looking-glass;
Will he to serve you quit his favourite care,
Turn a book-pedant, and offend the fair?
Clelia to taste and judgment may pretend
She will not blame your verse, nor dares commend!
A modest virgin always shuns dispute;
Soft Strephon likes you not, and she is mute.
Stern Aristarchus, who expects renown
From ancient merit rais'd, and new knock'd down,
For faults in every syllable will pry,
Whate'er he finds is good, he'll pass it by.'—
'Hold, hold, enough! All act from private ends;
Authors and wits were ever slippery friends:
But say, will vulgar readers like my lays?
When such approve a work, they always praise.'—
'To speak my sentiments, your tales I fear
Are but ill suited to a vulgar ear.
Will city readers, us'd to better sport,
The politics and scandals of a court
Well vouch'd from Grub-street, on your pages pore,
For what they ne'er can know, or knew before;

Many have thought, and I among the rest,
That fables are but useless things at best:
Plain words without a metaphor may serve
To tell us that the poor must work or starve.
We need no stories of a cock and bull
To prove that graceless scribblers must be dull.
That hope deceives; that never to excel,
'Gainst spite and envy is the only spell.—
All this, without an emblem, I suppose
Might pass for sterling truth in verse or prose.'—
'Sir, take a seat, my answer will be long;
Yet weigh the reasons, and you'll find them strong.
At first [2], when savage men in quest of food,
Like lions, wolves, and tigers, rang'd the wood,
They had but just what simple nature craves,
Their garments, skins of beasts; their houses, caves.
When prey abounded, from its bleeding dam
Pity would spare a kidling or a lamb,
Which, with their children nurs'd and fed at home,
Soon grew domestic and forgot to roam:
From such beginnings flocks and herds were seen
To spread and thicken on the woodland green:
With property, injustice soon began,
And they that prey'd on beasts, now prey'd on man.
Communities were fram'd, and laws to bind
In social intercourse the human kind. [names,
These things were new, they had not got their
And right and wrong were yet uncommon themes:

[2] The author speaks of those only, who, upon the dispersion of mankind, fell into perfect barbarism, and emerged from it again in the way which he describes, and not of those who had laws and arts from the beginning by divine tradition.

The rustic senator, untaught to draw
Conclusion in morality or law,
Of every term of art and science bare,
Wanted plain words his sentence to declare;
Much more at length to manage a dispute,
To clear, enforce, illustrate, and confute;
Fable was then found out, ('tis worth your heeding)
And answer'd all the purposes of pleading.
It won the head with unsuspected art,
And touch'd the secret springs that move the heart:
With this premis'd; I add, that men delight
To have their first condition still in sight.
Long since the sires of Brunswick's line forsook
The hunter's bow, and drop'd the shepherd's crook.
Yet, midst the charms of royalty, their race
Still loves the forest, and frequents the chase.
The high-born maid, whose gay apartments shine
With the rich produce of each Indian mine,
Sighs for the open fields, the pastoral hook,
To sleep delightful near a warbling brook;
And loves to read the ancient tales that tell
How queens themselves fetch'd water from the well.
If this is true, and all affect the ways
Of patriarchal life in former days,
Fable must please the stupid, the refin'd;
Wisdom's first dress to court the opening mind.'—
'You reason well, could nature hold her course,
Where vice exerts her tyranny by force:
Are natural pleasures suited to a taste,
Where nature's laws are alter'd and defac'd?
The healthful swain, who treads the dewy mead,
Enjoys the music warbled o'er his head:
Feels gladness at his heart while he inhales
The fragrance wafted in the balmy gales.

Not so Silenus from his night's debauch;
Fatigued and sick, he looks upon his watch
With rheumy eyes, and forehead aching sore,
And staggers home to bed to belch and snore;
For such a wretch in vain the morning glows,
For him in vain the vernal zephyr blows:
Gross pleasures are his taste, his life a chain
Of feverish joys, of lassitude and pain.
Trust not to nature in such times as these;
When all is off the hinge, can nature please?
Discard all useless scruples, be not nice;
Like some folks laugh at virtue, flatter vice,
Boldly attack the mitre or the crown;
Religion shakes already, push it down:
Do every thing to please?—You shake your head:
Why then 'tis certain that you'll ne'er succeed:
Dismiss your muse, and take your full repose;
What none will read 'tis useless to compose.'—
'A good advice! to follow it is hard.—
Quote one example; name me but a bard
Who ever hop'd Parnassus' heights to climb,
That drop'd his muse, till she deserted him.
A cold is caught, this med'cine can expel,
The dose is thrice repeated, and you're well.
In man's whole frame there is no crack or flaw
But yields to Bath, to Bristol, or to Spa:
No drug poetic frenzy can restrain,
Ev'n hellebore itself is tried in vain:
'Tis quite incurable by human skill;
And though it does but little good or ill,
Yet still it meets the edge of reformation,
Like the chief vice and nuisance of the nation.
The formal quack, who kills his man each day,
Passes uncensur'd, and receives his pay.

Old Aulus, nodding midst the lawyers strife,
Wakes to decide on property and life.
Yet not a soul will blame him, and insist
That he should judge to purpose, or desist.
At this address how would the courtiers laugh:—
'My lord, you're always blundering: quit your staff:
You've lost some reputation, and 'tis best
To shift before you grow a public jest.'
This none will think of, though 'tis more a crime
To mangle state-affairs, than murder rhyme.
The quack, you'll say, has reason for his killing,
He cannot eat, unless he earns his shilling.
The worn-out lawyer clambers to the bench
That he may live at ease, and keep his wench;
The courtier toils for something higher far,
And hopes for wealth, new titles, and a star;
While moon-struck poets in a wild-goose chase
Pursue contempt, and beggary, and disgrace.'
'Be't so: I claim'd by precedent and rule
A free-born Briton's right, to play the fool:
My resolution's fix'd, my course I'll hold,
In spite of all your arguments, when told:
Whether I'm well and up, or keep my bed,
Am warm and full, or neither cloth'd nor fed;
Whether my fortune's kind, or in a pet
Am banish'd by the laws, or fled for debt;
Whether in Newgate, Bedlam, or the Mint,
I'll write as long as publishers will print.'—
'Unhappy lad, who will not spend your time
To better purpose than in useless rhyme;
Of but one remedy your case admits,
The king is gracious, and a friend to wits;
Pray write for him, nor think your labour lost,
Your verse may gain a pension or a post.'—

'May Heav'n forbid that this auspicious reign
Should furnish matter for a poet's strain;
The praise of conduct steady, wise, and good,
In prose is best express'd, and understood.
Nor are those sovereigns blessings to their age
Whose deeds are sung, whose actions grace the stage.
A peaceful river, whose soft current feeds
The constant verdure of a thousand meads,
Whose shaded banks afford a safe retreat
From winter's blasts and summer's sultry heat,
From whose pure wave the thirsty peasant drains
Those tides of health that flow within his veins,
Passes unnotic'd; while the torrent strong,
Which bears the shepherds and their flocks along,
Arm'd with the vengeance of the angry skies,
Is view'd with admiration and surprise;
Employs the painter's hand, the poet's quill,
And rises to renown by doing ill.
Verse form'd for falsehood makes ambition shine,
Dubs it immortal, and almost divine:
But qualities which fiction ne'er can raise
It always lessens when it strives to praise.'

'Then take your way, 'tis folly to contend
With those who know their faults, but will not mend.'

SELECT POEMS

OF

ROBERT DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

MELPOMENE;

OR, THE

REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
Melpomene, support my venturous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise;
From the gay scenes of pride
Do thou his footsteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where, nurs'd of yore,
Young Shakspeare, fancy's child, was taught his
various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm:
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terror shake us, or compassion warm,
As different strains control
The movements of the soul;
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone;
To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shady grove,
Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play;
Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
And Damon's muse, that breathes her melting lay,
This ardent prayer was made:
When, lo! the secret shade,
As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook—
Strength, firmness, reason, all—my astonish'd soul forsook.

Ah! whither, goddess! whither am I borne?
To what wild region's necromantic shore?
These panics whence? and why my bosom torn
With sudden terrors never felt before?
Darkness enwraps me round,
While from the vast profound
Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And, gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whose boistrous fury blows a storm so high,
As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame.
What can such rage provoke?
His words their passage choke:
His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddess! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation? as grim death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd:

Ah see! besmear'd with gore,
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:
While torn within he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wandering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain;
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes ascaunce,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate assail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conscious pride and shame with rage con-
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.
The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace:
From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing frenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare distraction speaks:
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled;
And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes—
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled sighs.

Yet, yet again!—a murderer's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!

His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds
His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

And hark! ah mercy! whence that hollow sound?
Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair?
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid ghost slow rising steals on air,
To where a mangled corse,
Expos'd without remorse,
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the way—
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

'Was it for this, (he cries) with kindly shower
Of daily gifts the traitor I caress'd?
For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?
O kindness ill repay'd!
To bare the murdering blade
Against my life!—may Heaven his guilt explore,
And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore.'
He said, and stalk'd away—Ah, goddess! cease
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
And reason calls her boasted powers in vain:
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops disband,
And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
To melt the feeling heart, yet soothe its tenderest woes.

The fervent prayer was heard.—With hideous sound,
Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;
A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound;
The train of terror vanishes from view.
More mild enchantments rise;
New scenes salute my eyes, [plain:
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the
And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain:

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
And every solemn temple teems with life;
Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
There, with the deeper woes of human strife.
In groups around the lawn,
By fresh disasters drawn,
The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe;
And pitying sighs are heard, and heartfelt sorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain:
With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,
In brave assertion of her honour slain.
Her bosom heaves with sighs;
To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of friendship! yet, alas!
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound
What could such fury move?
Ah what, but ill-star'd love!

The same fair object each fond heart enthrals,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love?
Then, what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove?
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence;
And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Clasp'd in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire!
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form so graceful ev'n in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life,
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive queen
Appears confess'd before my dazzled sight,
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—
The power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear

And as with grace ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear:
'Aspiring son of art,
Know, though thy feeling heart
Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown;
Still may the Delian god thy powerless toils disown.

'A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes;
A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;
Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,
Whence Otway's melting tears—
That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
The types of every theme that suits the tragic strain.

But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,
And all due honour to her precepts pay?
Canst thou the lure of affectation scorn,
Pleas'd in the simpler paths of truth to stray?
Hast thou the Graces fair
Invok'd with ardent prayer?
'Tis they attire, as Nature must impart,
The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

'Then, if creative genius pour his ray,
Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;
Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
And the deep source of passion stand confess'd:
Then may the listening train,
Affected, feel thy strain;
Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move;
Change with the varying scenes, and every scene approve.'

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
But fear upon my lip her seal impress'd.
While awe-struck thus I stood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The form celestial, fading on my sight,
Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

THE ART OF PREACHING.

(IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.)

SHOULD some strange poet in his piece affect
Pope's nervous style, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd,
Prink Milton's true sublime with Cowley's wit,
And garnish Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit,
Would you not laugh?—Trust me, that priest's as bad,
Who in a style now grave, now raving mad,
Gives the wild whims of dreaming schoolmen vent,
Whilst drowsy congregations nod assent.
Painters and priests, 'tis true, great licence claim,
And by bold strokes have often rose to fame:
But whales in woods, or elephants in air,
Serve only to make fools and children stare;
And, in religion's name, if priests dispense
Flat contradictions to all common sense,
Though gaping bigots wonder and believe,
The wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.
Some take a text sublime, and fraught with sense,
But quickly fall into impertinence.

On trifles eloquent with great delight
They flourish out on some strange mystic rite;
Clear up the darkness of some useless text,
Or make some crabbed passage more perplex'd:
But to subdue the passions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties, they neglect.
Most preachers err, (except the wiser few)
Thinking establish'd doctrines therefore true:
Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
Amuse the world with airy idle dreams:
Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,
Are rocks where bigots or freethinkers split.
The very meanest dabbler at Whitehall
Can rail at Papists, or poor Quakers maul;
But when of some great truth he aims to preach,
Alas! he finds it far beyond his reach.
Young deacons try your strength, and strive to find
A subject suited to your turn of mind;
Method and words are easily your own,
Or, should they fail you—steal from Tillotson.
Much of its beauty, usefulness, and force,
Depends on rightly timing a discourse.
Before the Lords or Commons——far from nice,
Say boldly—'Bribery is a dirty vice'—
But quickly check yourself—and with a sneer—
'Of which this honourable house is clear.'
Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,
To bring forth hidden truths, and make them known.
Yet in all new opinions have a care,
Truth is too strong for some weak minds to bear:
And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd?
Let them from Scripture plainly be deriv'd.
Barclay, or Baxter, wherefore do we blame
For innovations, yet approve the same

In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are these
Call'd wise reformers, those mad sectaries?
'Tis most unjust:—men always had a right,
And ever will, to think, to speak, to write
Their various minds; yet sacred ought to be
The public peace, as private liberty.
Opinions are like leaves, which every year
Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.
Once the Pope's bulls could terrify his foes,
And kneeling princes kiss'd his sacred toes;
Now he may damn or curse, or what he will,
There's not a prince in Christendom will kneel.
Reason now reigns, and by her aid we hope
Truth may revive, and sickening error droop:
She the sole judge, the rule, the gracious light,
Kind Heaven has lent, to guide our minds aright.
States to embroil, and faction to display
In wild harangues, Sacheverel show'd the way.
The funeral sermon, when it first began,
Was us'd to weep the loss of some good man;
Now any wretch for one small piece of gold
Shall have fine praises from the pulpit sold:
But whence this custom rose, who can decide?
From priestly avarice, or from human pride?
Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,
Are noble subjects, and the pulpit grace:
But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious Laud,
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd.
Why was he honour'd with the name of priest,
And greatest made, unworthy to be least?
Whose zeal was fury, whose devotion pride,
Pow'r his great god, and int'rest his sole guide.
To touch the passions, let your style be plain;
The praise of virtue asks a higher strain:

Yet sometimes the pathetic may receive
The utmost force that eloquence can give;
As sometimes, in eulogiums, 'tis the art
With plain simplicity to win the heart.
'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
To make us feel it, you must feel it too:
Show yourself warm'd, and that will warmth impart
To every hearer's sympathizing heart.
Does generous Foster virtue's laws enforce?
All give attention to the warm discourse:
But who a cold, dull, lifeless, drawling keeps,
One half his audience laughs, the other sleeps.
In censuring vice, be earnest and severe,
In stating dubious points concise and clear;
Anger requires stern looks and threatening style;
But paint the charms of virtue with a smile.
These different changes common sense will teach,
And we expect them from you, if you preach;
For should your manner differ from your theme,
Or in quite different subjects be the same,
Despis'd and laugh'd at, you may travel down,
And hide such talents in some country town.
It much concerns a preacher first to learn
The genius of his audience, and their turn.
Amongst the citizens be grave and slow;
Before the nobles let fine periods flow;
The Temple Church asks Sherlock's sense and skill;
Beyond the Tower—no matter—what you will.
In facts or notions drawn from sacred writ,
Be orthodox; nor cavil, to show wit:
Let Adam lose a rib to gain a wife;
Let Noah's ark contain all things with life;
Let Moses work strange wonders with his rod,
And let the sun stand still at Joshua's nod;

Let Solomon be wise, and Samson strong,
Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's ass a tongue.
  But if your daring genius is so bold
To teach new doctrines, or to censure old,
With care proceed; you tread a dangerous path;
Error establish'd, grows establish'd faith.
'Tis easier much, and much the safer rule,
To teach in pulpit what you learn'd at school;
With zeal defend whate'er the church believes,
If you expect to thrive, or wear lawn sleeves.
  Some loudly bluster, and consign to hell
All who dare doubt one word or syllable
Of what they call the faith; and which extends
To whims and trifles without use or ends:
Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,
To' enlarge the path to heav'n, than to confine;
Insist alone on useful points, or plain;
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man!
  If you expect or hope that we should stay
Your whole discourse, nor strive to slink away,
Some common faults there are you must avoid,
To every age and circumstance allied.
  A pert young student, just from college brought,
With many little pedantries is fraught:
Reasons with syllogism, persuades with wit,
Quotes scraps of Greek, instead of sacred writ;
Or, deep immers'd in politic debate,
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering state.
  These trifles with maturer age forgot,
Now some good benefice employs his thought;
He seeks a patron, and will soon incline
To all his notions, civil or divine;
Studies his principles both night and day,
And, as that Scripture guides, must preach and pray.

Avarice and age creep on: his reverend mind
Begins to grow right reverendly inclin'd.
Pow'r and preferment still so sweetly call,
The voice of Heaven is never heard at all:
Set but a tempting bishopric in view,
He's strictly orthodox, and loyal too;
With equal zeal defends the church and state,
And infidels and rebels share his hate.
Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand,
Some still obscure, though thousands have explain'd:
Those influence more which reason can conceive,
Than such as we through faith alone believe;
In those we judge, in these you may deceive:
But what too deep in mystery is thrown,
The wisest preachers choose to let alone.
How Adam's fault affects all humankind;
How Three is One, and One is Three combin'd;
How certain prescience checks not future will;
And why Almighty-goodness suffers ill:
Such points as these lie far too deep for man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.
If pastors more than thrice five minutes preach,
Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch.
Never presume the name of God to bring
As sacred sanction to a trifling thing.
Before, or after sermon, hymns of praise
Exalt the soul, and true devotion raise.
In songs of wonder celebrate his name,
Who spread the skies, and built the starry frame:
Or thence descending, view this globe below,
And praise the source of every bliss we know.
In ancient times, when Heaven was to be prais'd,
Our humble ancestors their voices rais'd,
And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd:

But as the church increas'd in power and pride,
The pomp of sound the want of sense supplied;
Majestic organs then were taught to blow,
And plain religion grew a raree-show:
Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,
Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.
Mysterious turnpikes block up Heaven's highway,
And, for a ticket, we our reason pay.
These superstitions quickly introduce
Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse;
Religion, and its priests, by every fool
Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,
And kept the coat [1], but tore the fringe away.
Of preaching well if you expect the fame,
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim.
Your sacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the trust—to teach mankind:
'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God, and what to man.
'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint,
His country's love in every breast to plant;
Yours every social virtue to improve,
Justice, forbearance, charity, and love;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temperance, modesty, content:
When such the man, how amiable the priest;
Of all mankind the worthiest and the best.
Ticklish the point, I grant, and hard to find,
To please the various tempers of mankind.
Some love you should the crabbed points explain,
Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:
Some love a new, and some the beaten path,
Morals please some, and others points of faith;

[1] Vide Martin in the Tale of a Tub.

But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,
In whose discourses truth and virtue join:
These are the sermons which will ever live,
By these our Tonsons and our Knaptons thrive;
How such are read, and prais'd, and how they sell,
Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Butler's sermons tell.
Preachers should either make us good or wise,
Him that does neither, who but must despise?
If all your rules are useful, short, and plain,
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain?
But if on trifles you harangue, away
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you say.
But priests are men, and men are prone to err,
On common failings none should be severe:
All are not masters of the same good sense,
Nor bless'd with equal powers of eloquence.
'Tis true: and errors, with an honest mind,
Will meet with easy pardon from mankind;
But who persists in wrong with stubborn pride,
Him all must censure, many will deride.
Yet few are judges of a fine discourse,
Can see its beauties, or can feel its force;
With equal pleasure some attentive sit,
To sober reasoning, and to shallow wit.
What then? because your audience most are fools,
Will you neglect all method, and all rules?
Or since the pulpit is a sacred place,
Where none dare contradict you to your face,
Will you presume to tell a thousand lies?
If so, we may forgive, but must despise.
In jingling Beveridge if I chance to see
One word of sense, I prize the rarity:
But if in Hooker, Sprat, or Tillotson,
A thought unworthy of themselves is shown,

I grieve to see it; but 'tis no surprise,
The greatest men are not at all times wise.
Sermons, like plays, some please us at the ear,
But never will a serious reading bear;
Some in the closet edify enough,
That from the pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.
'Tis thus: there are, who by ill-preaching spoil
Young's pointed sense, or Atterbury's style;
Whilst others, by the force of eloquence,
Make that seem fine, which scarce is common sense.
In every science, they that hope to rise,
Set great examples still before their eyes.
Young lawyers copy Murray [2] where they can;
Physicians Mead, and surgeons Cheselden;
But all will preach, without the least pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.
Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt,
A priest may grow right-reverend without.
Preachers and preaching were at first design'd
For common benefit to all mankind.
Public and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd:
Love, peace, and union, breath'd in each discourse,
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From these good men, the priests and all their line
Were honour'd with the title of *divine*.
But soon their proud successors left this path,
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith:
Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by different priests, were damn'd.
Some ask which is the' essential of a priest,
Virtue or learning? what they ask's a jest:

[2] Earl of Mansfield.

We daily see dull loads of reverend fat,
Without pretence to either this or that.
But who like Herring or like Hoadly shine,
Must with great learning real virtue join.
He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,
To no small excellence directs his aim.
On every noted preacher he must wait;
The voice, the look, the action imitate:
And when complete in style and eloquence,
Must then crown all with learning and good sense.
But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown,
And never preach one sermon of their own:
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.
As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,
Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill,
Where empty boasts of much superior sense
Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;
So the great Henley hires, for half-a-crown,
A quack advertisement to tell the town
Of some strange point to be disputed on:
Where all who love the science of debate,
May hear themselves, or other coxcombs, prate.
When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,
They first of his capacities inquire.
If stoutly qualified to drink and smoke,
If not too nice to hear an impious joke,
If tame enough to be the common jest;
This is a chaplain to his lordship's taste.
If bards to Pope indifferent verses show,
He is too honest not to tell them so.
'This is obscure, (he cries) and this too rough,
These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off.'

How useful every word from such a friend!
But parsons are too proud, their works to mend,
And every fault with arrogance defend:
Think them too sacred to be criticis'd,
And rather choose to let them be despis'd.
He that is wise will not presume to laugh
At priests, or church-affairs; it is not safe.
Think there exists, and let it check your sport,
That dreadful monster call'd a spiritual court;
Into whose cruel jaws if once you fall,
In vain, alas! in vain, for aid you call;
Clerks, proctors, priests, voracious round you ply,
Like leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you dry.

ON GOOD AND ILL-NATURE.

TO MR. POPE.

In virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
Freely to praise the virtues of the few,
And boldly censure the degenerate crew:
To scorn, with equal justice, to deride [pride;
The poor man's worth, or soothe the great one's
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.
Old-fashion'd souls! your men of modern taste,
Are with new virtue, new politeness grac'd.
Good-nature now has chang'd her honest face,
For smiling flattery, compliment, grimace:
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
And thieves and sharpers compliment each other.
To such extent good-nature now is spread,
To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred;

An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
And complaisance goes round from rogue to rogue.
If this be good—'tis gloriously true,
The most ill-natur'd man alive is you.

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHECY.

When dark oblivion, in her sable cloak
  Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
  Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:

Then (for the muse that distant day can see)
  On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
With curious wish thy sacred grot to see,
  Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
  With pious hand the ruin shall repair:
Some good old man, to each inquiring sage
  Pointing the place, shall cry 'The bard liv'd there,

'Whose song was music to the listening ear,
  Yet taught audacious vice and folly shame;
Easy his manners, but his life severe;
  His word alone gave infamy or fame.

'Sequester'd from the fool and coxcomb wit,
  Beneath this silent roof the muse he found;
'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sat and writ,
  Here with his friends the social glass went round.'

With awful veneration shall they trace
  The steps which thou so long before hast trod;
With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
  From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.

Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,
  Departing each shall pilfer, in fond hope
To please their friends, on every distant shore,
  Boasting a relic from the Cave of Pope.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Come, ye whose souls harmonious sounds inspire,
  Friends to the muse, and judges of her song;
Who, catching from the bard his heavenly fire,
  Soar as he soars, sublimely rapt along:
Mourn, mourn your loss: he's gone who had the art
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm
  the heart.

Who now shall dare to lift the sacred rod,
  Truth's faithful guard, where vice escapes the law?
Who now, high soaring to the throne of God,
  In nature's moral cause his pen shall draw?
Let none pretend; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm
  the heart.

Vice, now secure, her blushless front shall raise,
  And all her triumph be through Britain borne:
Whose worthless sons from guilt shall purchase praise,
  Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn;

No check remains: he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

Ye tuneless bards now tire each venal quill,
And from the public gather idle pence;
Ye tasteless peers, now build and plant your fill,
Though splendour borrows not one ray from sense;
Fear no rebuke; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

But come, ye chosen, ye selected few,
Ye next in genius, as in friendship, join'd;
The social virtues of his heart who knew,
And stated all the beauties of his mind;
Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art
With sounds to charm the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

And, O great shade! permit thy humblest friend
His sigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay
Thy honour'd memory; and condescend
To hear, well-pleas'd, the weak, yet well-meant [lay,
Lamenting thus: he's gone who had the art
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm
the heart.

MODERN REASONING.

AN EPISTLE.

WHENCE comes it, L——, that ev'ry fool,
In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
And all the blind deluded world disdains;

Himself the only person bless'd with sight,
And his opinion—the great rule of right?
'Tis strange from folly this conceit should rise,
That want of sense should make us think we're wise:
Yet so it is. The most egregious elf
Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;
And who can least confute, will most contend.
I love the man, I love him from my soul,
Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims control;
With learning bless'd, with solid reason fraught,
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought:
Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
Suggests his notions with a modest fear;
Hears every reason, every passion hides,
Debates with calmness, and with care decides;
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
Not victory, but truth, his sole pursuit.
But these are very rare. How happy he
Who tastes such converse, L——, with thee!
Each social hour is spent in joys sublime,
Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb;
Through reason's paths in search of truth proceed,
And clear the flowery way from every weed;
Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,
The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight.
How far from this the furious noisy crew,
Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue!
Their greater right infer from louder tongues;
And strength of argument from strength of lungs!
Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound,
And think they conquer, when they but confound!
Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,
And drives his argument through both your ears;

And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—tongue,
In all disputes he bravely wins the day;
No wonder—for he hears not what you say.
  But though to tire the ear 's sufficient curse,
To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.
Plato, a formal sage, debates with care,
A strong opponent, take him up who dare.
His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.
If he asserts, though what no man can doubt,
He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out.
This, this, and this— is so, and so, and so;
And therefore, therefore—that, and that, you know;
Circles no angles have; a square has four:
A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.
The sum of Plato's wondrous wisdom is,
This is not that, and, therefore, that not this.
  Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
The first for every trifle will contend;
But this has no opinions to defend.
In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose;
The man's impos'd on by his very nose;
Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.
He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of thought;
Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.
Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird,
He cannot tell, upon his honest word.
'Tis strange so plain a point 's so hard to prove;
I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.
  Another class of disputants there are,
More numerous than the doubting tribe by far.

These are your wanderers, who from the point
Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.
Vagarius (and confute him if you can)
Will hold debate with any mortal man.
He roves from Genesis to Revelation,
And quite confounds you with divine quotation.
Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
And by that knowledge lost the tree of life;
He contradicts you, and, in half an hour,
Most plainly proves—Pope Joan, the scarlet whore.
Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
A jumbling, incoherent mass of words;
Most of them true, but so together tost
Without connexion, that their sense is lost.
  But, leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
Another clan alarms us; face about:
See, arm'd with grave authority they come,
And with great names and numbers strike us dumb.
With these an error venerable appears,
For having been believ'd three thousand years.
Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,
And strength of argument's no strength at all.
  But on, my muse, though multitudes oppose us;
Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noses:
Nor fear, though ancient sages are subjoin'd;
A lie's a lie, though told by all mankind.
'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?
Plato and Aristotle were but men.
I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,
And therefore no sufficient guides for me.
An error, though by half the world espous'd,
Is still an error, and may be oppos'd;
And truth, though much from mortal eyes conceal'd,
Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.

How foolish then will look your mighty wise,
Should half their *ipse dixits* prove plain lies!
But on, my muse, another tribe demands
Thy censure yet: nor should they 'scape thy hands:
These are the passionate, who in dispute
Demand submission, monarchs absolute.
Sole judges, in their own conceit, of wit,
They damn all those for fools that won't submit.
Sir Testy (thwart Sir Testy, if you dare)
Swears there's inhabitants in every star.
If you presume to say this mayn't be true,
'You lie, sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.'
What he asserts, if any disbelieve,
How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.
He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's clear;
But men are so perverse they will not hear.
With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;
In Young no wit, no humour smiles in Gay;
Nor truth, nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page;
And Thomson's liberty corrupts the age.
This to deny, if any dare presume,
Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy, fill the room.
Hillario, who full well this humour knows,
Resolv'd one day his folly to expose,
Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,
And entertains 'em with a roast sirloin:
Of this he knew Sir Testy could not eat,
And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.
The rest begin—'Sir Testy, pray fall to—
You love roast-beef, sir, come—I know you do.'
'Excuse me, sir, 'tis what I never eat—'
'How, sir! not love roast beef! the king of meat!'
'Tis true indeed.'—'Indeed it is not true;
I love it, sir, and you must love it too.'

'I can't, upon my word.'—'Then you're a fool;
And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.
Not love roast beef!—come, come, sirs, fill his plate,
I'll make him love it—Sir, G— d— ye, eat.'
Sir Testy, finding what it was they meant,
Rose in a passion, and away he went.

RELIGION.

A SIMILE.

I'M often drawn to make a stop,
And gaze upon a picture-shop.
There have I seen (as who that tarries
Has not the same?) a head that varies;
And as in different views expos'd,
A different figure is disclos'd.
This way a fool's head is express'd,
Whose very count'nance is a jest;
Such as were formerly at court,
Kept to make wiser people sport.
Turn it another way, you'll have
A face ridiculously grave,
Something betwixt the fool and knave.
Again, but alter the position,
You're frighted with the apparition:
A hideous threatening Gorgon head
Appears, enough to fright the dead.
But place it in its proper light,
A lovely face accosts the sight;
Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,
We own the whole a beauteous creature.
Thus true religion fares. For when
By silly, or designing men,

In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,
'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest.
Here, by a set of men, 'tis thought
A scheme, by politicians wrought,
To strengthen and enforce the law,
And keep the vulgar more in awe:
And these, to show sublimer parts,
Cast all religion from their hearts;
Brand all its votaries as the tools
Of priests, and politicians' fools.
  Some view it in another light,
Less wicked, but as foolish quite:
And these are such as blindly place it
In superstitions, that disgrace it;
And think the essence of it lies
In ceremonious fooleries;
In points of faith and speculation,
Which tend to nothing but vexation.
With these it is a heinous crime
To cough or spit in sermon-time:
'Tis worse to whistle on a Sunday,
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday:
To dine without first saying grace, is
Enough to lose in heaven their places;
But goodness, honesty, and virtue,
Are what they've not the least regard to.
  Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the bugbear view!
Think it consists in strange severities;
In fastings, weepings, and austerities.
False notions their weak minds possess,
Of faith, and grace, and holiness:
And as the Lord's of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquities;

They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
All their endeavours will be bootless;
And dreadful furies *in æternum*,
In unconsuming fires will burn 'em.
  But O, how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view!
To these it shines divinely bright,
No clouds obscure its native light;
Truth stamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,
And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind kiss before we part,
  Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart
  Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
  Let me kiss that falling tear,
Though my body must remove,
  All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
  And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then ere we part,
  Drop a tear and bid adieu.

THE BORROWED KISS.

'See I languish, see I faint,
I must borrow, beg, or steal;
Can you see a soul in want,
And no kind compassion feel?
Give, or lend, or let me take
One sweet kiss, I ask no more;
One sweet kiss, for pity's sake,
I'll repay it o'er and o'er.'

Chloe heard, and with a smile,
Kind, compassionate, and sweet,
'Colin, 'tis a sin to steal,
And for me to give's not meet:
But I'll lend a kiss or twain,
To poor Colin in distress;
Not that I'd be paid again,
Colin, I mean nothing less.'

THE KISS REPAID.

'Chloe, by that borrow'd kiss,
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
Thousands will not pay that one.'

'Lest the debt should break your heart,
(Roguish Chloe smiling cries)
Come, a hundred then in part,
For the present shall suffice.'

THE WIFE:

A FRAGMENT.

The virtues that endear and sweeten life,
And form that soft companion, call'd a wife,
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.
Hail, lovely woman! nature's blessing, hail!
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bonnteous Heaven,
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,
Alternate, joyless nights and lonesome days:
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,
Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven
That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given:
Him, bless'd in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his mind allay:
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does fortune smile! How grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown? The fair with softening art
Will soothe our woes, or bear a willing part.
'But are all women of the soothing kind?
In choosing wives no hazard shall we find?

Will spleen, nor vapours, pride nor prate molest?
And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest?'
Grant some are bad: yet surely some remain
Good without show, and lovely without stain;
Warm without lewdness; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.
Such is Fidelia, fairest, fondest wife!
Observe the picture, for I draw from life.
Near that fam'd hill, from whose enchanting brow
Such various scenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames, meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers among,
Fidelia dwelt: fair as the fairest scene
Of smiling nature, when the sky's serene.
Full sixteen summers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;
Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease express'd.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

* * * * *

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN DUCK,

AT HIS FIRST COMING TO COURT.

Forgive me, Duck, that such a muse as mine
Brings her weak aid to the support of thine;
In lines, which if the world should chance to see,
They'd find I pleaded for myself—in thee.
Yet some indulgence sure they ought to show
An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you;
Unskill'd in art, unexercis'd to sing;
I've just but tasted the Pierian spring:

But though my stock of learning yet is low;
Though yet my numbers don't harmonious flow,
I fain would hope it won't be always so.
The morning sun emits a stronger ray,
Still as he rises tow'rds meridian day:
Large hills at first obstruct the oblique beam,
And darkening shadows shoot along the gleam;
Impending mists yet hover in the air,
And distant objects undistinct appear.
But as he rises in the eastern sky
The shadows shrink, the conquer'd vapours fly;
Objects their proper forms and colours gain;
In all her various beauties shines the' enlighten'd plain.

So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
Mountains of ignorance shade at first his brain;
A gleam of reason by degrees appears,
Which brightens and increases with his years;
And as the rays of thought gain strength in youth,
Dark mists of error melt, and brighten into truth.

Thus, asking ignorance will to knowledge grow;
Conceited fools alone continue so.
On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time
Our tender muses, learning how to climb,
May reach perfection's top, and grow sublime.
The Iliad scarce was Homer's first essay;
Virgil wrote not his Æneid in a day:
Nor is't impossible a time might be,
When Pope and Prior wrote like you and me.
'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
They wrote not from a pantry nor a barn:
Yet they, as well as we, by slow degrees
Must reach perfection, and to write with ease,

Have you not seen—yes, oft you must have seen—
When vernal suns adorn the woods with green,
And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
Fills with a various progeny the grove,
The timorous young, just ventur'd from the nest,
First in low bushes hop, and often rest;
From twig to twig, their tender wings they try,
Yet only flutter when they seem to fly.
But as their strength and feathers more increase,
Short flights they take, and fly with greater ease:
Experienc'd, soon they boldly venture higher,
Forsake the hedge, to lofty trees aspire;
Transported thence, with strong and steady wing
They mount the skies, and soar aloft, and sing.
So you and I, just naked from the shell,
In chirping notes our future singing tell;
Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or skill,
Hop round the basis of Parnassus' hill:
Our flights are low, and want of art and strength
Forbids to carry us the wish'd-for length.
But fledg'd, and cherish'd with a kindly spring,
We'll mount the summit, and melodious sing.

TO RICHES.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON.——

To succour all whom grief or care oppress,
To raise neglected merit from distress,
The dying arts to' encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is riches' grand prerogative,
These all the wise and good with joy pursue,
And thousands feel, and bless their power in you.

But stay, my muse, nor rashly urge thy theme,
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verse is praise. Consider——very few
Can justly say one single line's their due:
Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
Without his just credentials, duke or lord:
An honest line prefer to a polite,
So shall thy praise no conscious blush excite.
But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
Than the rough features of a H——r;
So praise than satire asks a nicer touch;
But finish'd well, there's nothing charms so much.
A shining character when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilst it pleases, wins the heart.
Mecænas first the noble list shall grace,
Learning's great patron merits the first place.
O dear to every muse! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend! supporter of desert!
Is there a man, though poor, despis'd, oppress'd,
Yet whose superior genius shines confess'd;
Whether the useful arts his soul inspire,
Or the politer muse's sacred fire,
Learning and arts to encourage and extend?
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.
Wealth thus bestow'd, returns in lasting fame
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.
Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who shows to want a kind regard.
Carus, though bless'd with plenty, ease, and health,
His every want supplied from boundless wealth,
Yet feels humanity: his soul o'erflows
To see, or hear, or think, on others' woes.

Is there a wretch with pinching want oppress'd?
His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breast.
Does any languish under dire disease?
Carus prescribes, or pays the doctor's fees.
Has sad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And some expiring family undone?
Carus repairs, and makes the loss his own.
To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,
His soul in pity melts into his eyes:
O manly tenderness! good-natur'd grief,
To feel, to sympathise, and give relief.
Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at interest in the bank of heaven.
But where's the' advantage then, will Corvus say,
If wealth is only lent to give away?
Corvus, were that the sole prerogative,
How great, how godlike is the power to give!
Thou canst not feel it:—True, 'tis too divine
For such a selfish narrow soul as thine.
Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,
To cheerful hospitality inclin'd;
His ponds with fish, with fowl his woods are stor'd,
Inviting plenty smiles upon his board:
Easy and free, his friends his fortune share,
Ev'n travelling strangers find a welcome there;
Neighbours, domestics, all enjoy their parts,
He, in return, possesses all their hearts.
Who, foolish Corvus, who but thee will say,
That Comes idly throws his wealth away?
Is then the noble privilege to give,
The sole advantage we from wealth receive?
Whilst others' wants or merits we supply,
Have we ourselves no title to enjoy?

Doubtless we have. A thousand different ways
Wealth may be self-enjoy'd, and all with praise.
Whom truth and reason guides, or genius fires,
Never need fear indulging his desires.
But should pretending coxcombs, from this rule,
Plead equal privilege to play the fool?
The muse forbids. She only gives to sense
The dangerous province to contrive expense.
Marcus in sumptuous buildings takes delight,
His house, his gardens, charm the ravish'd sight:
With beauty use, with grandeur neatness joins,
And order with magnificence combines.
'Tis costly:—True; but who can blame the' expense,
'Where splendour borrows all her rays from sense?'
Sylvio retirement loves; smooth crystal floods,
Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods,
Delight his eye! the warbling birds to hear,
With rapture fills his soul, and charms his ear.
In shady walks, in groves, in secret bowers,
Plan'd by himself, he spends the peaceful hours:
Here serious thought pursues her thread serene,
No interrupting follies intervene;
Propitious silence aids the' attentive mind,
The God of nature in his works to find.
If this to' enjoy affords him most delight,
Who says that Sylvio is not in the right?
Publius in curious paintings wealth consumes,
The best, the finest hands adorn his rooms;
Various designs, from each enliven'd wall,
Meet the pleas'd eyes, and something charms in all.
Here well-drawn landscapes to the mind convey
A smiling country or a stormy sea;
Towns, houses, trees, diversify the plain,
And ships, in danger, fright us from the main.

There the past actions of illustrious men,
In strong description charm the world again:
Love, anger, grief, in different scenes are wrought,
All its just passions animate the draught.
But see new charms break in a flood of day,
See loves and graces on the canvas play;
Beauty's imagin'd smiles our bosom warm,
And light and shade retains the power to charm.
Who censures Publius, or condemns his cost,
Must wish the noble art of painting lost.
Whilst Publius thus his taste in painting shows,
Critus admires her sister-art, the muse.
Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau,
Teach in his breast poetic warmth to glow.
From these instructed, and from these inspir'd,
Critus for taste and judgment is admir'd.
Poets before him lay the work of years,
And from his sentence draw their hopes and fears.
Hail, judge impartial! noble critic, hail!
In this thy day, good writing must prevail:
Our bards from you will hence be what they shou'd,
Please and improve us, make us wise and good.
Thus bless'd with wealth, his genius each pursues,
In building, planting, painting, or the muse.
O envied power!—But you'll object and say,
How few employ it in this envied way!
With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good?
No: but they give him power, if once he wou'd:
'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.
It is for gold the lawless villain spoils;
'Tis for the same the honest labourer toils.
Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to industry, to art:

Many, no doubt, through power of wealth oppress,
But some, whom Heav'n reward, delight to bless!
Then blame not gold, that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert.

THE ADVICE.

Dost thou, my friend, desire to rise
To honour, wealth, and dignities?
Virtue's paths, though trod by few,
With constant steps do thou pursue.
For as the coward-soul admires
That courage which the brave inspires;
And his own quarrels to defend,
Gladly makes such a one his friend;
So in a world which rogues infest,
How is an honest man caress'd!
The villains from each other fly,
And on his virtue safe rely.

A LADY'S SALUTATION

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Welcome, fair scene; welcome, thou lov'd retreat,
From the vain hurry of the bustling great.
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrap'd in calm thought, improve each fleeting hour.
My soul, while nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
To nature's God contemplative shall rise.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights;
What your allurements? what your fancied joys?
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.
Alas! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene?
Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending arms
Enclose the fond admirer of your charms;
Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful guest,
Glad to retire, and in retirement bless'd;
Come, ye fair flowers, and open every sweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat,
And O! descend, to sweeten all the rest,
Soft smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue dress'd;
Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd;
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show, farewel.
And see! O see! the heaven-born train appear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happiness is here.

EPIGRAM.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
Wandering in a midst of lies:
Seeing false, or seeing double,
Who would trust to such weak eyes?
Yet, presuming on his senses,
On he goes most wondrous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE WORDS 'ONE PRIOR,' IN THE SECOND VOLUME OF BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

ONE Prior!—and is this, this all the fame
The poet from the' historian can claim?
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot 'one Burnet' ever wrote.

EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
'What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?"

'There are no women;' he replied:
She quick returns the jest——
'Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.'

A JEST.

WHY pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?—
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place.

SELECT POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

ODES.

IDLENESS.

Goddess of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
  Obsequious to the muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
  Oh! sweet insensibility!

Sister of peace and indolence,
  Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
Elaborately void of sense,
  And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
  There let me doze out the dull hours,
And under me let Flora spread
  A sofa of her softest flow'rs;

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
  Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
And murmurs of the stream beneath
  Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness! the woes
  Of life we patiently endure;
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
  We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
  Or the hoarse thundering of the sea,
But to be idle at the last,
  And find a pleasing end in thee?

GOOD-NATURE.

Hail cherub of the highest heaven,
Of look divine, and temper even,
  Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien!
  Of every virtue, every praise the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
  That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
  And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh! curse on slander's viperous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong;
  Idiots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
  Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
  Life idly inoffensive, such a grace [place?
  That it should steal thy name and take thy

No—thou art active—spirit all—
Swifter than lightning, at the call
  Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
  And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
(As reason's luminary guides)
Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,
Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel
'Tis only for thy neighbours weal;
Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
Averse to envy, slow to blame,
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
From flattery's fawning tongue, and bending [knee.
Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast,
Nought is excluded, little or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms
(For oh! I love thee) to my arms—
All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall existence then be life indeed.

ON ILL-NATURE.

Offspring of folly and of pride,
To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
By pedant affectation taught and bred;
Away, thou hideous hell-born sprite,
Go, with thy looks of dark design,
Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.

Thy planet was remote when I was born;
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day:
When to exist is but to love and sing,
And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.
There in yon lonesome heath,
Which Flora or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beast or fowl attempts to breathe;
Where nature's pencil has no colours laid;
But all is blank, and universal shade;
Contrast to figure, motion, life, and light,
There may'st thou vent thy spite,
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all the' infernal crew the worst;
The worst in genius, measure, and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit the den
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed;
There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad,
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
The' ear-piercing hern, the plover screaming high,
Millions of humming gnats fit œstrum shall supply.

Away—away—behold an hideous band,
An herd of all thy minions are at hand;

Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
  And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
  And proud to listen at her neighbour's latch.
  Next, Scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgins and the poet's fame,
  A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever-sacred flame.
  Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
  And elevates her hands, and plods upon her book.
Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
  Then Vanity, and Affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,
  As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
  And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, Ill-Nature, all the numerous group
  With lowly reverence stoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
  Away—thou art infectious—haste away!

TO THE

REV. AND LEARNED DR. WEBSTER,

(OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON ANGER AND FORGIVENESS.)

'Twas when the' omniscient creative pow'r
  Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
And delegated, at the' appointed hour,
    Great Moses led away his chosen band;

When Israel's host, with all their stores,
Past through the ruby-tinctur'd crystal shores,
The wilderness of waters and of land:
Then persecution rag'd in Heaven's own cause,
Strict justice for the breach of nature's laws,
The legislator held the scythe of fate,
Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,
Death and destruction mark'd their bloody way;
Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their [hate.

But when the King of Righteousness arose,
And on the' illumin'd east serenely smil'd,
He shone with meekest mercy on his foes,
Bright as the sun, but as the moon-beams mild;
From anger, fell revenge, and discord free,
He bade war's hellish clangor cease,
In pastoral simplicity and peace,
And show'd to man that face, which Moses could not see.

Well hast thou, Webster, pictur'd Christian love,
And copied our great Master's fair design;
But livid envy would the light remove,
Or crowd thy portrait in a nook malign—
The muse shall hold it up to popular view—
Where the more candid and judicious few
Shall think the bright original they see,
The likeness nobly lost in the identity.

Oh, hadst thou liv'd in better days than these,
Ere to excel by all was deem'd a shame!
Alas! thou hast no modern arts to please,
And to deserve is all thy empty claim.

Else thou'dst been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
There, where thy dignified inferiors sit—
  Oh, they are in their generations wise;
Each path of interest they have sagely trod—
  To live—to thrive—to rise—and still to rise—
Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

Behold, where poor unmansion'd merit stands,
  All cold and cramp'd with penury and pain;
Speechless, through want, she rears the' imploring hands,
  And begs a little bread, but begs in vain;
While Bribery and Dulness, passing by,
Bid her, in sounds barbarian, starve and die:—
    'Away (they cry), we never saw thy name
    Or in preferment's list, or that of fame;
  Away—not here the fate thou earn'st bewail,
Who can'st not buy a vote, nor hast a soul for sale.'

Oh, indignation! wherefore wert thou given,
  If drowsy patience deaden all thy rage?—
Yet we must bear—such is the will of Heaven:
  And, Webster, so prescribes thy candid page.
Then let us hear thee preach seraphic love,
Guide our disgusted thoughts to things above;
  So our free souls, fed with divine repast,
    (Unmindful of low mortals' mean employ)
Shall taste the present, recollect the past,
  And strongly hope for every future joy.

A MORNING-PIECE;

OR, A HYMN FOR THE HAY-MAKERS.

'Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
Aurorum clara consuetum voce vocare.'
LUCRET.

BRISK Chanticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.
Strong labour got up—with his pipe in his mouth,
He stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail,
Behind him came health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.
First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
'Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet society the bride;
Last honesty, full seemly dress'd
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey-bells in wakening rounds
The warning peal have given;
And pious gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes—the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes:
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise—and all is day—
Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines our hay-cocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake:
Our voices let's raise
In Phœbus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

A NOON-PIECE;

OR, THE MOWERS AT DINNER.

'Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
Dumeta Sylvani; caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.' HOR.

THE sun is now radiant to behold,
And vehement he sheds his liquid rays of gold;
No cloud appears through all the wide expanse;
And short, but yet distinct and clear;
To the wanton whistling air
The mimic shadows dance.
Fat mirth and gallantry the gay,
And romping ecstasy 'gin play.
Now myriads of young Cupids rise,
And open all their joy-bright eyes,
Filling with infant prate the grove,
And lisp in sweetly-faltering love.
In the middle of the ring,
Mad with May, and wild of wing,
Fire-ey'd wantonness shall sing.
By the rivulet on the rushes,
Beneath a canopy of bushes,
Where the ever-faithful Tray
Guards the dumplins and the whey,
Colin Clout and Yorkshire Will,
From the leathern bottle swill.

Their scythes upon the adverse bank
  Glitter 'mongst the' entangled trees,
Where the hazles form a rank,
  And curt'sy to the courting breeze.
Ah, Harriet! sovereign mistress of my heart,
  Could I thee to these meads decoy,
New grace to each fair object should impart
  And heighten every scene to perfect joy.
    On a bank of fragrant thyme,
    Beneath yon stately shadowy pine,
    We'll with the well-disguised hook
    Cheat the tenants of the brook;
    Or where my Daphne's thickest shade
    Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
    There read Sidney's high-wrought stories
    Of ladies' charms, and heroes' glories;
    Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
    And kiss the fiction into fact.
Or satiate with nature's random scenes,
Let's to the garden's regulated greens,
    Where taste and elegance command
    Art to lend her dædal hand;
    Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
    To discipline are reconcil'd,
    And laws and order cultivate,
    Quite civiliz'd into a state.
    From the sun and from the show'r,
    Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
    Secluded from the teasing pry
    Of Argus' curiosity:
    There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
    The gay meridian is seen.
    Ere decays the lamp of light,
    And lengthening shades stretch out to night—

Seize, seize the hint—each hour improve
(This is morality in love)
Lend, lend thine hand—O let me view
Thy parting breasts, sweet avenue!
Then—then thy lips, the coral cell
Where all the' ambrosial kisses dwell!
Thus we'll each sultry noon employ
In day-dreams of ecstatic joy.

A NIGHT-PIECE;

OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

'Dicetur, merita nox quoque nœnia.' HOR.

'Twas when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth every glittering star,
And up the' ascent of heaven her brilliant host
Night, with all her negro train, [had led,
Took possession of the plain;
In an herse she rode reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind:
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept Stillness, in a winding-sheet.
Next to her deaf Silence was seen,
Treading on tiptoes over the green;
Softly, lightly, gently, she trips,
Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips.
You could not see a sight,
You could not hear a sound,
But what confess'd the night,
And horror deepen'd round.

Beneath a myrtle's melancholy shade,
Sophron the wise was laid:
And to the answering wood these sounds convey'd.
While others toil within the town,
And to fortune smile or frown,
Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
And married to that woman, Noise;
Sacred wisdom be my care,
And fairest virtue, wisdom's heir.
His speculations thus the sage begun,
When, lo! the neighbouring bell
In solemn sound struck one:—
He starts, and recollects, he was engag'd to Nell.
Then up he sprang, nimble and light,
And rap'd at fair Eleanor's door,
He laid aside virtue that night,
And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF ILLNESS.

When Israel's[1] ruler on the royal bed
In anguish and in perturbation lay,
The down reliev'd not his anointed head,
And rest gave place to horror and dismay;
Fast flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gasping sigh,
When God's own prophet thunder'd—'Monarch,
thou must die.'

[1] Hezekiah vi. Isaiah xxxviii.

'And must I go, (the' illustrious mourner cried)
I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime has dy'd
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth;
Like David, who have still rever'd thy word,
The sovereign of myself, and servant of the Lord?'

The Judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
Shot from that heaven to which his sighs had [soar'd;
The sun [2] retreated at his Maker's nod,
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

But, O immortals! what had I to plead
When death stood o'er me with his threatening [lance,
When reason left me in the time of need,
And sense was left in terror or in trance;
My sinking soul was with my blood inflam'd,
And the celestial image sunk, defac'd, and maim'd.

I sent back memory in heedful guise
To search the records of preceding years;
Home, like the raven to the ark [3], she flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears:
O sun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly shade!

But who are they that bid affliction cease?—
Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—

[2] Isaiah, chap. xxxviii. [3] Gen. viii. 7.

Vengeance divine's by penitence suppress'd—
She [4] struggles with the angel; conquers, and is
bless'd.

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair!
In man humility's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes, he's Christ's own care—
O all-sufficient Lamb! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who shall slight, or who can doubt thy
power?

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gently in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder, and adore!

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands
Appear'd a widow to my frantic sight;
My little prattlers, lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life and light;
I come, ye spotless sweets! I come again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt
in vain.

All glory to the' Eternal, to the' Immense,
All glory to the' Omniscient and Good, [tense;
Whose power's uncircumscrib'd, whose love's in-
But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood.

[4] Gen. xxxii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Except through him—through him, who stands alone,
Of worth, of weight, allow'd for all mankind to [atone!

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd soul,
And to the blind gave or restor'd the day—
Nay more—far more unequall'd pangs sustain'd,
Till his lost fallen flocks his taintless blood regain'd.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
Nor would my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd, shook, fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He, pitying, did a second birth bestow,
A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and woe.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, the' enraptur'd lyre;
Ye heaven-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his mandates break,
But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou canst new joys e'en to the bless'd impart:
The listening angels lay their harps aside,
To hear the music of thy contrite heart;
And heaven itself wears a more radiant face,
When charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me, 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold;
O'er Flora's flock imperial is the rose:
Above all birds the sovereign eagle soars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

What can with great leviathan compare,
Who takes his pastime in the mighty main?
What, like the sun, shines through the realms of air,
And gilds and glorifies the' ethereal plain—
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway?
For all was made for him—— to serve and to obey.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion, hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, close by the' Almighty's throne,
In him she shines confess'd, who came to make her known.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the past the future may atone;
That I may act what thou hast given to know,
That I may live for thee and thee alone,
And justify those sweetest words from heaven,
'That he shall love thee most[6] to whom thou'st most forgiven.'

[6] Luke vii. 41, 42, 43.

ON THE

ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

HAIL, wondrous Being, who in power supreme
Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom,
The air, the earth, or azure main contains,
In undecipher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (though wild of wing they rove
Through the vast concave of the' ethereal round)
If to the heaven of heavens they'd win their way
Adventrous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.
May then the youthful, uninspired bard
Presume to hymn the' Eternal; may he soar
Where seraph, and where cherubim on high
Resound the' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?
He may, if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift the unpinion'd muse, and deign to' assist,
Great Poet of the universe! his song.
Before this earthly planet wound her course
Round light's perennial fountain, before light
Herself 'gan shine, and at the' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day,
Before 'the morning stars together sang,
And hail'd thee architect of countless worlds,

Thou art—all glorious, all beneficent,
All wisdom and omnipotence thou art.
  But is the æra of creation fix'd
At when these worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever,
Or keep the' immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action—
No—in the' exertion of thy righteous power,
Ten thousand times more active than the sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.
  But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense
The' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
And with itself the' omniscient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the universe,
Creation and redemption—and a while
Pause—with the grand presentments of his glory.
  Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O thou, whose ways to wonder at 's distrust,
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd!

A day shall come when all this earth shall perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage
To make perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above,
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall fever to the centre, and devour
The' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.—
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon the' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along the' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the unextinguishable fire? [cedars
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where:
Where Tenerif's thy stateliness to-day?
What, Etna, are thy flames to these?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.
Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion, O my country! thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of the' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day:
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,

Though million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day: ye must submit
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But though the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; though the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; though the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Thou the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon
With all her bright retinue, must be lost;
Yet thou, great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert! Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see; he comes! the' archangel from above:—
'Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible, and arise;
From east to west, from the antarctic pole
To regions hyperborean, all ye sons,
Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven
Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible, and arise!'
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and, like the ark
Fix'd on the mountain-top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds, and waves, and rocks, and tempests past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven:
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd shall give

Praises more worthy the eternal ear.
Yet what we can we ought; and therefore, thou,
Purge thou my heart, Omnipotent and good!
Purge thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain
I offer fruitless sacrifice, with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the ador'd.
Though gratitude were bless'd with all the pow'rs
Her bursting heart could long for, though the swift,
The fiery-wing'd imagination soar'd
Beyond ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let reason through the eye of faith
View him with fearful love; let truth pronounce,
And adoration on her bended knee
With heaven-directed hands, confess his reign.
And let the' angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—'For thou art holy,
For thou art one, the' Eternal, who alone
Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise.'

ON THE

IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Once more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The poet of my God! Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,

Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of the' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense, the orphan's mite exclude.
What though the' Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unken'd—where east nor west,
Nor south, nor blustering north has breath to blow;
Albeit, he there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stand visibly confess'd:
Yet know that nor in presence or in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes the obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same.
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measure her pathless walk, studious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun; [recting
Or where the comet through space infinite
(Though whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.
Or where in heaven above the Heaven of heav'ns
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there!
Or whether on the ocean's boistrous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds, and discipline the billows,

The suppliant sailor finds thee there, his chief,
His only help—When thou rebuk'st the storm—
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.
Oh! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence: and there
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence, muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! the' implanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs, with amber, from the pearl-pav'd bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence through the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani, or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-entrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaping hills, of trees erect, and streams

Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landscape of the vale.
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there!
  Hence with the'ascending springs let me advance,
Through beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there to' indulge
The' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call the' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and the' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands.
So simple! and so great! the under-woods
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet thou art there, and God himself is there
Ev'n in the bush (though not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd,
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee, her Maker,
Thee, her Preserver, chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound— for in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling echo holds her peace.
  Now from the plains, where the' unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears

Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest—on that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poise the wondrous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that assert'st there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio yield
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion—hence away—
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were the' attempt, and impious, to trace
Through all his works the' Artificer divine—
And though nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Though neither vegetable, beast, nor bird,
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O Infinite of Goodness and of Glory!

The knee that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to thee,
The tongue which thou hast tun'd shall chant thy praise,
And thy own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to thee for ever.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

(ADDRESSED TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.)

Arise, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God; and thou, immortal fame,
Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump.
All glory to the' Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, when He, and He alone,
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne:
And may the' eternal, high mysterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched heavens
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,

And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to day, thou didst vouchsafe,
And teach me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in thee is wondrous,
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power, that guides the brutes,
Which ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from thee,
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,
That glorious shines transparent through thy works.
Who taught the pie, or who forewarn'd the jay
To shun the deadly nightshade? though the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye;
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man, [No.
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?—
Full many a race has fall'n into the snare
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface,
And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim,
By forms of fruit and luscious taste beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
Of slow experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable sage, that nightly trims

The learned lamp, to' investigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
And baseless fabric from conjecture builds.
While the domestic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician, knows the case,
And from the' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark, from afar the feather'd matron [1] screams,
And all her brood alarms; the docile crew
Accept the signal one and all, expert
In the' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appris'd
That the rapacious adversary's near.
But who inform'd her of the approaching danger,
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.
When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled winter 'gins to' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her passage through the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the north

[1] The Hen Turkey.

E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon;
She, heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts nor coy west nor east, but instant knows
What Newton, or not sought, or sought in vain[2].
  Illustrious name, irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
The' exulting ocean, and the highest heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales:
Who shone supreme; who was himself the light,
Ere yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow?
  When knowledge at her father's dread command
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,
Oh, to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes!
Oh, how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare!
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
Of bloated ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious ant, the wisest insect,
And best economist of all the field!
Though she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide:
Yet conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,

[2] The longitude.

She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish winter's fiercest blow.
For when, as yet the favourable sun
Gives to the genial earth the' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues,
And storm-proof cells, with management most meet,
And unexampled housewifery, she forms;
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home.
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deaden'd sense and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs and from discordant flow'rs
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
Avaunt conceit, ambition take thy flight

Back to the prince of vanity and air!
Oh 'tis a thought of energy most piercing,
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woful vicissitude! when man, fall'n man,
Who first from heaven, from gracious God himself,
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know, by brutes
Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascends,
And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise—for though we stand
Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire transgression, though no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the earth,
With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd:
Still is there scope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people! O ye sons of men!
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
Shall deign to' allow, still patiently abide,
And praise him more and more; nor cease to chant
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.

ON THE

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

'TREMBLE, thou earth! (the' anointed poet said)
At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains
And all ye hillocks on the surface bound.'
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll,
The muse with transport hears ye once again
Convulse the solid continent, and shake
(Grand music of Omnipotence) the isles.
'Tis thy terrific voice; thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force,
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Appenine, behold! recoils
Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
But what is this, celestial though the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watry world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does he the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet.—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What though in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts, though many a bastion jut
Forth from the ramparts' elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human heart,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in the' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown the' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
The' afflicted ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. 'Twice have we felt,
Within Augusta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation; but ev'n thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever:
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath: O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction: we confess
That thou art he, the' Almighty: we believe;
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is, and is not, in a moment—hark!
On the' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides

Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And forests are no more. For conflict dreadful!
The west encounters east, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies;—while he supreme
Stands steadfast in the centre of the storm.
Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanoes, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.
Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That wooes the yielding needle; contemplate
The' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from the' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it!—baffled here
By his omnipotence, philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in the' ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest the' attention! who? O who shall tell
His acts miraculous, when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends; when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths

Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought
Before the' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue? Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung, to' o'er-
Idolatrous Philistia! shall I tell [throw
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long to unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, the' uncontroverted claim.
When from the virgin's unpolluted womb,
Shone forth the Sun of righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
'Let there be peace,' he said; and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea,
When peace: 'Be still, ye boisterous winds,' he cried;
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell, in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were tied to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstasy to bear! him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,

And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, ever fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,
And all eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbar'd: and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate
With worthier numbers, him, who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess, King of kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever!

ON THE

GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

(ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF DARLINGTON.)

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles call'd thy name [1],
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could wake
The' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew:
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more

[1] See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Than art or nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil angel:—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself, each thought impure
Banish: each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify; so shall the muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.
Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and thee!
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky east, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip, and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow,
O thrice illustrious! were it not for thee,
Those pansies that, reclining from the bank,
View through the' immaculate, pellucid stream,
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie

The eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive;
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
The' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide:
And though their throats coarse ruttling hurt the ear
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man;—
But not to all—for hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the' harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly bass
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song:
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies;—the solemn scene
The sun through storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub gratitude,—behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice

Is more than voice can tell; to him she sings,
To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made and who preserves whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
O he is good, he is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty:—raise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To him, who made the mite; though, Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks the' assisting glass.
Approach and bring from Araby the bless'd
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, sable Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
To adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursued the lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide,
Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair India, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends,
Haste from the west, and with thy fruits and flow'rs,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow

By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn,
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
And Christian excellence, his goodness own.
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breastplate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer.
'O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
But quell tyrannic pride with peerless pow'r,
Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak.
O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of goodness, and of glory, hear!
Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
To heaven, to immortality, and thee!'

NEW VERSION OF PSALM CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH! kneel and sing
Praises to the Heavenly King;
To the God supremely great,
Hallelujah in the height!

Praise him, arch-angelic band,
Ye that in his presence stand;
Praise him, ye that watch and pray,
Michael's myriads in array.

Praise him, sun, at each extreme,
Orient streak and western beam;
Moon and stars of mystic dance
Silvering in the blue expanse.

Praise him, O ye heights that soar
Heaven and heaven for evermore;
And ye streams of living rill,
Higher yet and purer still.

Let them praise his glorious name,
From whose fruitful word they came;
And they first began to be
As he gave the great decree.

Their constituent parts he found
For duration without bounds
And their covenant has seal'd,
Which shall never be repeal'd.

Praise the Lord on earth's domains:
Praise, ye mutes, that seas contains;
They that on the surface leap,
And the dragons of the deep.

Battering hail, and fires that glow,
Streaming vapours, plumy snow;
Wind and storm, his wrath incur'd,
Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,
Every hill and every vale;
Fruit trees of a thousand dyes,
Cedars that perfume the skies!

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
Nibbling flocks and droves that graze;
Reptiles of amphibious breed,
Feather'd millions form'd for speed.

Kings, with Jesus for their guide,
Peopled regions far and wide:
Heroes of their country's cause,
Princes, judges of the laws.

Age and childhood, youth and maid,
To his name your praise be paid;
For his word is worth alone
Far above his crown and throne.

He shall dignify the crest
Of his people, rais'd and bless'd;
While we serve with praise and pray'rs,
All in Christ his saints and heirs.

ODE TO LORD BARNARD,

ON HIS ACCESSION TO THAT TITLE.

'Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis
Et memor nostri.' HOR.

MELPOMENE, who charm'st the skies,
Queen of the lyre and lute;
Say, shall my noble patron rise,
And thou, sweet muse, be mute?
Shall fame, to celebrate his praise,
Her loudest, loftiest accents raise,
And all her silver trumps employ,
And thou restrain thy tuneful hand,
And thou an idle listener stand
Amidst the general joy?

Forbid it all ye powers above,
That human arts can try;
Forbid it, gratitude and love,
And every tender tie:
Was it not he, whose pious cares
Upheld me in my earliest years,
And cheer'd me from his ample store,
Who animated my designs,
In Roman and Athenian mines,
To search for learning's ore?

The royal hand, my lord, shall raise
To nobler heights thy name,
Who praises thee, shall meet with praise
Ennobled in thy fame.

A disposition form'd to please,
With dignity endear'd by ease,
And grandeur in good-nature lost,
Have more of genuine desert,
Have more the merit of the heart,
Than arts and arms can boast.

Can I forget fair Raby's [1] towers,
How awful and how great!
Can I forget such blissful bowers,
Such splendour in retreat!
Where me, ev'n me, an infant bard,
Cleveland [2] and Hope [3] indulgent heard:
(Then, fame, I felt thy first alarms)
Ah, much lov'd pair!—though one is fled,
Still one compensates for the dead,
In merit and in charms.

O more than compensation, sure!
O blessings on thy life!
Long may the threefold bliss endure,
In daughters, sons, and wife!
Hope, copyist of her mother's mind,
Is loveliest, liveliest of her kind,
Her soul with every virtue teems;
By none in wit or worth outdone,
With eyes, that, shining on the sun,
Defy his brightest beams.

Hark! charity's cherubic voice
Calls to her numerous poor,

[1] His Lordship's seat in the county of Durham.
[2] Her late Grace of Cleveland.
[3] The Honourable Mrs. Hope.

And bids their languid hearts rejoice,
    And points to Raby's door;
With open heart, and open hands,
There Hospitality—she stands,
    A nymph, whom men and gods admire:
Daughter of heavenly goodness she,
Her sister's Generosity,
    And Honour is her sire.

What though, my lord, betwixt us lie
    Full many an envious league,
Such vast extent of sea and sky
    As ev'n the eye fatigue;
Though interposing ocean raves,
And heaves his heaven-assaulting waves,
    While on the shores the billows beat,
Yet still my grateful muse is free
To tune her warmest strains to thee,
    And lay them at thy feet.

Goodness is ever kindly prone
    To feign what fate denies,
And others want of worth to' atone,
    Finds in herself supplies:
Thus dignity itself restrains,
By condescension's silken reins,
    While you the lowly muse upraise:
When such the theme, so mean the bard,
Not to reject is to reward,
    To pardon is to praise.

THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

The sweets of evening charm the mind
Sick of the sultry day;
The body then no more confin'd,
But exercise with freedom join'd,
When Phœbus sheathes his ray.

While, all serene, the summer moon
Sends glances through the trees,
And Philomel begins her tune,
Asteria too shall help her soon
With voice of skilful ease.

A nosegay, every thing that grows,
And music, every sound,
To lull the sun to his repose;
The skies are coloured like the rose
With lively streaks around.

Of all the changes rung by time,
None half so sweet appear
As those when thoughts themselves sublime,
And with superior natures chime
In fancy's highest sphere.

FABLES.

THE DUELLIST.

WHAT's honour, did your lordship say?
My lord, I humbly crave a day.——
'Tis difficult, and in my mind,
Like substance, cannot be defin'd.
It deals in numerous externals,
And is a legion of infernals;
Sometimes in riot and in play,
'Tis breaking of the Sabbath-day;
When 'tis consider'd as a passion,
I deem it lust and fornication.
We pay our debts in honour's cause,
Lost in the breaking of the laws.
'Tis for some selfish impious end,
To murder the sincerest friend;
But would you alter all the clan,
Turn out an honourable man—
Why take a pistol from the shelf,
And fight a duel with yourself.—
'Twas on a time, the Lord knows when,
In Ely, or in Lincoln fen,
A frog and mouse had long disputes,
Held in the language of the brutes,
Who of a certain pool and pasture
Should be the sovereign and master:
'Sir,' says the frog, (and d—n'd his blood)
'I hold that my pretension's good;

Nor can a brute of reason doubt it,
For all that you can squeak about it.'
The mouse, averse to be o'erpower'd,
Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward;
Too hard for any frog's digestion,
To have his froghood call'd in question!
A bargain instantly was made,
No mouse of honour could evade.
On the next morn, as soon as light,
With desperate bullrushes to fight;
The morning came—and man to man,
The grand monomachy began;
Need I recount how each bravado
Shone in motant and in passado;
To what a height their ire they carried,
How oft they thrusted and they parried!
But as these champions kept dispensing
Finesses in the art of fencing,
A furious vulture took upon her
Quick to decide this point of honour,
And, lawyer-like, to make an end on't,
Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.
Thus, often in our British nation
(I speak by way of application)
A lie direct to some hot youth,
The giving which perhaps was truth;
The treading on a scoundrel's toe,
Or dealing impudence a blow;
Disputes in politics and law,
About a feather and a straw;
A thousand trifles not worth naming,
In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,
Shall cause a challenge's inditing,
And set two loggerheads a fighting;

Meanwhile the father of despair,
The prince of vanity and air,
His quarry like an hawk discovering,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,
Secure to get in his tuition
These volunteers for black perdition.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE AND THE MANDRAKE.

The sun had rais'd above the mead
His glorious horizontal head;
Sad Philomela left her thorn;
The lively linnets hymn'd the morn,
And nature, like a waking bride,
Her blushes spread on every side;
The cock as usual crow'd up Tray,
Who nightly with his master lay;
The faithful spaniel gave the word,
Trelooby at the signal stir'd,
And with his gun from wood to wood
The man of prey his course pursued;
The dew and herbage all around,
Like pearls and emeralds on the ground;
The' uncultur'd flowers that rudely rise,
Where smiling freedom art defies;
The lark, in transport, towering high,
The crimson curtains of the sky,
Affected not Trelooby's mind—
For what is beauty to the blind?
The' amorous voice of sylvan love,
Form'd charming concerts in the grove;
Sweet zephyr sigh'd on Flora's breast,
And drew the blackbird from his nest;

Whistling he leapt from leaf to leaf;
But what is music to the deaf?
  At length, while poring on the ground,
With monumental look profound,
A curious vegetable caught
His—something similar to thought:
Wondering, he ponder'd, stooping low,
(Trelooby always lov'd a show)
And on the mandrake's vernal station,
Star'd with prodigious observation.
The' affronted mandrake, with a frown,
Address'd in rage the wealthy clown:
  'Proud member of the rambling race,
That vegetate from place to place,
Pursue the leveret at large,
Nor near thy blunderbuss discharge:
Disdainful though thou look'st on me,
What art thou, or what can'st thou be?
Nature, that mark'd thee as a fool,
Gave no materials for the school.
In what consists thy work and fame?
The preservation of the game—
For what, thou avaricious elf,
But to destroy it all thyself?
To lead a life of drink and feast,
To' oppress the poor, and cheat the priest,
Or triumph in a virgin lost,
Is all the manhood thou canst boast.—
Pretty, in nature's various plan,
To see a weed that's like a man;
But 'tis a grievous thing, indeed,
To see a man so like a weed.'

THE BROCADED GOWN AND LINEN RAG.

From a fine lady to her maid,
A gown descended of brocade.
French!—Yes, from Paris—that's enough,
That would give dignity to stuff.
By accident or by design,
Or from some cause I can't divine;
A linen rag (sad source of wrangling!)
On a contiguous peg was dangling,
Vilely besmear'd—for late its master
It serv'd in quality of plaister.
The gown (contemptuous beholder,)
Gave a French shrug from either shoulder,
And rustling with emotions furious,
Bespoke the rag in terms injurious:
'Unfit for tinder, lint, or fodder,
Thou thing of filth, (and what is odder)
Discarded from thy owner's back,
Dar'st thou proceed, and gold attack?
Instant away—or in this place,
Begar me give you *coup de grace*.'
To this replied the honest rag,
Who lik'd a jest, and was a wag:
'Though thy glib tongue without a halt run,
Thou shabby second-hand subaltern,
At once so ancient and so easy,
At once so gorgeous and so greasy;
I value not thy gasconading,
Nor all thy alamode parading;
But to abstain from words imperious,
And to be sober, grave, and serious,

Though, says friend Horace, 'tis no treason,
At once to giggle and to reason,
When me you lessen, friend, you dream,
For know I am not what I seem;
Soon by the mill's refining motion,
The sweetest daughter of the ocean,
Fair Medway, shall with snowy hue,
My virgin purity renew,
And give me reinform'd existence,
A good retention and subsistence.
Then shall the sons of genius join,
To make my second life divine.
O Murray! let me then dispense
Some portion of thy eloquence;
For Greek and Roman rhetoric shine
United and improv'd in thine.
The spirit-stirring sage [1] alarms,
And Ciceronian sweetness charms.
The' Athenian Akenside may deign
To stamp me deathless with his pen,
While flows, approv'd by all the Nine,
The' immortal soul of every line.
Collins, perhaps, his aid may lend,
Melpomene's selected friend.
Perhaps our great Augustan Gray
May grace me with a Doric lay;
With sweet, with manly words of woe,
That nervously pathetic flow,
What, Mason, may I owe to you?
Learning's first pride, and nature's too;
On thee she cast her sweetest smile,
And gave thee art's correcting file;

[1] Demosthenes.

That file which, with assiduous pain,
The viper envy bites in vain.—
Such glories my mean lot betide,
Hear, tawdry fool, and check thy pride—
Thou, after scouring, dying, turning,
(If haply thou escape a burning)
From gown to petticoat descending,
And in a beggar's mantle ending,
Shalt in a dunghill or a sty,
Midst filth and vermin, rot and die.'

MADAM AND THE MAGPIE.

Ye thunders roll, ye oceans roar,
And wake the rough resounding shore;
Ye guns in smoke and flames engage,
And shake the ramparts with your rage;
Boreas distend your chops and blow;
Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of Bow;
Ye drums and rattles, rend the ears,
Like twenty thousand Southwark fairs;
Bellow ye bulls, and bawl ye bats,
Encore, encore, ye amorous cats:
In vain, poor things, ye squeak and squall,
Soft Sylvia shall out-tongue you all:
But here she comes—there's no relief,
She comes, and blessed are the deaf.
'A magpie! why, you're mad, my dear,
To bring a chattering magpie here.
A prating play-thing, fit for boys—
You know I can't endure a noise—
You brought this precious present sure,
My headach and my cough to cure;

Pray hand him in, and let him stain
Each curtain, and each counterpane;
Yes, he shall roost upon my toilet,
Or on my pillow—he can't spoil it:
He'll only make me catch my death.—
O heavens! for a little breath!—
Thank God, I never knew resentment,
But am all patience and contentment,
Or else, you paltry knave, I should
(As any other woman would)
Wring off his neck, and down your gullet
Cram it by way of chick or pullet.—
Well, I must lock up all my rings,
My jewels, and my curious things:
My Chinese toys must go to pot;
My dearest pinchbecks—and what not?
For all your magpies are, like lawyers,
At once thieves, brawlers, and destroyers.—
You for a wife have search'd the globe,
You've got a very female Job,
Pattern of love, and peace and unity,
Or how could you expect impunity?
O Lord! this nasty thing will bite,
And scratch, and clapper-claw and fight.
O monstrous wretch, thus to devise
To tear out your poor Sylvia's eyes.
You're a fine popish plot pursuing,
By presents to affect my ruin;
And thus for good are ill retorting
To me, who brought you such a fortune;
To me, you low-liv'd clown, to me,
Who came of such a family:
Me, who for age to age possess'd
A lion rampant on my crest;

Me, who have fill'd your empty coffers,
Me, who'd so many better offers;
And is my merit thus regarded,
Cuckold, my virtue thus rewarded?
O 'tis past sufferance—Mary—Mary,
I faint—the citron, or the clary.'
The poor man, who had bought the creature
Out of pure conjugal good-nature,
Stood at this violent attack,
Like statues made by Roubiliac:
Though form'd beyond all skill antique,
They can't their marble silence break;
They only breathe, and think, and start,
Astonish'd at their maker's art.
Quoth Mag, 'Fair Grizzle, I must grant,
Your spouse a magpie cannot want:
For troth (to give the devil his due)
He keeps a rookery in you.
Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet lady,
Where there is din enough already!
We never should agree together,
Although we're so much of a feather;
You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,
Who make such wondrous noise about it,
And your tongue of immortal mould
Proclaims in thunder you're no scold.
Yes, yes, you're sovereign of the tongue,
And, like the king, can do no wrong;
Justly your spouse restrains his voice,
Nor vainly answers words with noise;
This storm, which no soul can endure,
Requires a very different cure;
For such sour verjuice dispositions,
Your crabstics are the best physicians.'

THE CITIZEN AND THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

I LOVE my friend—but love my ease,
And claim a right myself to please;
To company however prone,
At times all men would be alone,
Free from each interruption rude,
Or what is meant by solitude.
My villa lies within the hills,
So—like a theatre it fills:
To me my kind acquaintance stray,
And Sunday proves no Sabbath-day;
Yet many a friend and near relation
Make up a glorious congregation;
They crowd by dozens and by dozens,
And bring me all their country-cousins.
Though cringing landlords on the road,
Who find for man and horse abode;
Though gilded grapes to sign-post chain'd,
Invite them to be entertain'd,
And straddling cross his kilderkin,
Though jolly Bacchus calls them in;
Nay—though my landlady would trust 'em,
Pilgarlick's sure of all the custom;
And his whole house is like a fair,
Unless he only treats with air.
What! shall each pert half-witted wit,
That calls me Jack, or calls me Kit,
Prey on my time, or on my table?
No—but let's hasten to the fable.
The eve advanc'd, the sun declin'd,
Ball to the booby-hutch was join'd,

A wealthy cockney drove away,
To celebrate Saint Saturday;
Wife, daughter, pug, all crowded in,
To meet at country house their kin.
Through Brentford, to fair Twickenham's bow'rs,
The ungreas'd grumbling axle scow'rs,
To pass in rural sweets a day,
But there's a lion in the way:
The lion a most furious elf,
Hung up to represent himself,
Redden'd with rage, and shook his mane,
And roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd again,
Wondrous, though painted on a board,
He roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd.
'Fool! (says the majesty of beasts)
At whose expense a legion feasts;
Foe to yourself, yon those pursue
Who're eating up your cakes and you;
Walk in, walk in, so prudence votes,
And give poor Ball a feed of oats,
Look to yourself, and as for Ma'am,
Coax her to take a little dram;
Let Miss and pug with cakes be fed,
Then honest man go back to bed;
You're better, and you're cheaper there,
Where are no hangers on, to fear.
Go buy friend Newbery's new Pantheon,
And con the tale of poor Acteon,
Horn'd by Diana, and o'erpower'd,
And by the dogs he fed, devour'd.
What he receiv'd from charity,
Lewdness perhaps may give to thee;
And though your spouse my lecture scorns,
Beware his fate, beware his horns.

'Sir,' says the cit, (who made a stand,
And strok'd his forehead with his hand)
'By your grim gravity and grace,
You greatly would become the mace.
This kind advice I gladly take,—
Drawer, bring the dram, and bring a cake,
With good brown beer that's brisk and humming—'
'A-coming, sir! a-coming, coming!'
The cit then took a hearty draught,
And shook his jolly sides and laugh'd.
Then to the king of beasts he bow'd,
And thus his gratitude avow'd:—
'Sir, for your sapient oration,
I owe the greatest obligation.
You stand expos'd to sun and shower,
I know Jack Ellis of the Tower;
By him you soon may gain renown,
He'll show your highness to the town;
Or, if you choose your station here,
To call forth Britons to their beer,
As painter of distinguish'd note,
He'll send his man to clean your coat.'
The lion thank'd him for his proffer,
And if a vacancy should offer,
Declar'd he had too just a notion
To be averse to such promotion.
The citizen drove off with joy,
'For London—Ball—for London—hoy.'
Content, to bed he went his way,
And is no bankrupt to this day.

THE HERALD AND HUSBANDMAN.

——Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. JUV.

I WITH friend Juvenal agree,
Virtue's the true nobility;
Has of herself sufficient charms,
Although without a coat of arms.
Honestus does not know the rules
Concerning Or, and Fez, and Gules,
Yet sets the wondering eye to gaze on
Such deeds no herald e'er could blaze on.
Tawdry achievements out of place
Do but augment a fool's disgrace;
A coward is a double jest,
Who has a lion for his crest;
And things are come to such a pass,
Two horses may support an ass;
And on a gamester or buffoon
A moral motto's a lampoon.
An honest rustic, having done
His master's work 'twixt sun and sun,
Retir'd to dress a little spot
Adjoining to his homely cot,
Where pleas'd, in miniature, he found
His landlord's culinary ground,
Some herbs that feed, and some that heal,
The winter's medicine or meal.
The sage, which in his garden seen,
No man need ever die [1] I ween:
The marjorum comely to behold,
With thyme, and ruddiest marygold,
And mint and pennyroyal sweet,
To deck the cottage windows meet;

[1] 'Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?'

And balm, that yields a finer juice
Than all that China can produce;
With carrots red, and turnips white,
And leeks, Cadwallader's delight;
And all the savoury crop that vie
To please the palate and the eye.
Thus as, intent, he did survey
His plot, a herald came that way,
A man of great escutcheon'd knowledge,
And member of the motley college.
Heedless the peasant pass'd he by,
Indulging this soliloquy:
'Ye gods! what an enormous space
'Twixt man and man does nature place;
While some by deeds of honour rise,
To such a height, as far outvies
The visible diurnal sphere;
While others, like this rustic here,
Grope in the grovelling ground content,
Without or lineage or descent.
Hail, heraldry! mysterious art,
Bright patroness of all desert,
Mankind would on a level lie,
And undistinguish'd live and die;
Depriv'd of thy illustrious aid,
Such! so momentous is our trade.'
'Sir, (says the clown) 'why sure you joke,
(And kept on digging as he spoke)
And prate not to extort conviction,
But merrily by way of fiction.
Say, do your manuscripts attest
What was old father Adam's crest?
Did he a nobler coat receive
In right of marrying Mrs. Eve?

Or had supporters when he kiss'd her,
On dexter side, and side sinister?
Or was his motto, prithee speak,
English, French, Latin, Welch, or Greek?
Or was he not, without a lie,
Just such a nobleman as I?
Virtue, which great defects can stifle,
May beam distinction on a trifle;
And honour, with her native charms,
May beautify a coat of arms;
Realities sometimes will thrive,
E'en by appearance kept alive!
But by themselves, Gules, Or, and Fez,
Are ciphers, neither more nor less:
Keep both thy head and hands from crimes,
Be honest in the worst of times:
Health's on my countenance imprest,
And sweet content's my daily guest;
My fame alone I build on this,
And Garter King at Arms may kiss——'

THE SNAKE, THE GOOSE, AND NIGHTINGALE.

Humbly addressed to the Hissers and Catcallers attending both Houses.

When rul'd by truth and nature's ways,
When just to blame, yet fix'd to praise,
As votary of the Delphic god,
I reverence the critic's rod;
But when inflam'd with spite alone,
I hold all critics but as one;
For though they class themselves with art,
And each man takes a different part;
Yet whatsoe'er they praise and blame;
They in their motives are the same.

Forth as she waddled in the brake,
A grey goose stumbled on a snake,
And took the occasion to abuse her,
And of rank plagiarism accuse her.
'Twas I, (quoth she) in every vale,
First hiss'd the noisy nightingale;
And boldly cavill'd at each note
That twitter'd in the woodlark's throat:
I, who, sublime and more than mortal,
Must stoop to enter at the portal,
Have ever been the first to show
My hate to every thing that's low,
While thou, mean mimic of my manner,
(Without enlisting to my banner)
Durst, in thy grovelling situation,
To counterfeit my sibilation.'
The snake enrag'd replied, 'Know, madam,
I date my charter down from Adam;
Nor can I, since I bear the bell,
E'er imitate where I excel.
Had any other creature dar'd
Once to aver what you've aver'd,
I might have been more fierce and fervent,
But you're a goose—and so your servant.'
'Truce with your folly and your pride,
(The warbling Philomela cried)
Since no more animals we find,
In nature, of the hissing kind,
You should be friends with one another,
Nay, kind as brother is to brother.
For know, thou pattern of abuse,
Thou snake art but a crawling goose;
And thou, dull-dabbler in each lake,
Art nothing but a feather'd snake.'

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

Old Care with Industry and Art
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Avarice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas hers the largess to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For the' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress could find a bed.
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was the' accepting throng.
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before:

She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When, lo! to comfort her came Care,
And cried, 'My dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more:
Though I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part.
The bridal came—great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee;
They christen'd her Economy;
And styl'd her fair discretion's queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Perfectly easy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

THE PIG.

In every age, and each profession,
Men err the most by prepossession;
But when the thing is clearly shown,
And fairly stated, fully known,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And penitence succeeds to pride.—
A certain baron on a day,
Having a mind to show away,
Invited all the wits and wags,
Foote, Massey, Shuter, Yates, and Skeggs,
And built a large commodious stage,
For the choice spirits of the age;

But above all, among the rest,
There came a genius, who profess'd
To have a curious trick in store,
Which never was perform'd before.
Through all the town this soon got air,
And the whole house was like a fair;
But soon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter or parade,
'Twas all expectance, all suspense,
And silence gag'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And with such truth took off a pig,
All swore 'twas serious, and no joke;
For doubtless underneath his cloak
He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himself.
A search was made, no pig was found—
With thundering claps the seats resound,
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,
With—'O rare! bravo!' and 'encore!'
Old Roger Grouse, a country clown,
Who yet knew something of the town,
Beheld the mimic and his whim,
And on the morrow challeng'd him,
Declaring to each beau and hunter,
That he'd out-grunt the' egregious grunter.
The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiss, and break the benches.
The mimic took his usual station,
And squeak'd with general approbation.
Again, 'encore! encore!' they cry—
'Twas quite the thing—'twas very high.

Old Grouse conceal'd, amidst the racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket—
Then forth he came—and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.
The tortur'd pig from out his throat
Produc'd the genuine natural note.
All bellow'd out—'twas very sad!
Sure never stuff was half so bad!
'That like a pig!—(each cried in scoff)
Pshaw! nonsense! blockhead! off! off! off!'
The mimic was extoll'd, and Grouse
Was hiss'd, and catcall'd from the house—
'Soft ye, a word before I go,'
Quoth honest Hodge—and stooping low
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud
Bespoke the stupid, partial crowd:
'Behold, and learn from this poor creature,
How much you critics know of nature.'

BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM.

By a prattling stream, on a midsummer's eve,
Where the woodbine and jess'mine their boughs interweave,
'Fair Flora, (I cried) to my harbour repair,
For I must have a chaplet for Sweet William's hair.'

She brought me the violet that grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lily, and gilded jonquil:
But such languid odours how could I approve,
Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love?

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,
The undying myrtle, and evergreen bay:
But why these to me, who've his constancy known?
And Billy has laurels enough of his own.

The next was a gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two roses that grew on a stem:
Of the dear nuptial tie they stood emblems confess'd,
So I kiss'd 'em, and press'd 'em quite close to my
breast.

She brought me a sun-flower—'This, fair one's, your
due;
For it once was a maiden, and love-sick like you.'—
'Oh! give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,
As true to his flame as this flower to the sun.'

THE TALKATIVE FAIR.

From morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and at every place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd,
All are distracted while they gaze;
But if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise,
Than all you say, or all I write:
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush—and be an angel quite.

THE SILENT FAIR.

From all her fair loquacious kind,
So different is my Rosalind,
That not one accent can I gain
To crown my hopes, or soothe my pain.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
And are the' interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks translate,
And in her gestures read my fate.

And if in them you chance to find
Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind,
Adieu! mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.

All thoughts of grandeur I despise,
Which from dependence take their rise;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love-sweet agony my joy.

THE FORCE OF INNOCENCE.

The blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for modesty's her friend:
Though her fair arms are weak to wield
The glittering spear, and massy shield;
Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux!

But e'en unhurt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fierce cockade,
Though all a syren as she talks,
And all a goddess as she walks,
Yet decency each action guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's showery plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns,
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dangerous golden show'rs,
E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her, defenceless and alone,
A prisoner in the torrid zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright lustre of her eye;
But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one unchaste thought inspire;
But virtue's path she'd still pursue;
And still, my fair, would copy you.

EPIGRAMS.

THE SICK MONKEY.

A LADY sent lately for one Doctor Drug,
To come in an instant, and clyster poor Pug—
As the fair one commanded, he came at the word,
And did the grand office in tie-wig and sword.

The affair being ended so sweet and so nice!
He held out his hand with 'you know, ma'am, my price.' [brother,
'Your price,' says the lady, 'why, sir, he's your
And doctors must never take fees of each other.'

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

When Phœbus was amorous, and long'd to be rude,
Miss Daphne cry'd pish! and ran swift to the wood;
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.

The nymph was be sure of a cold constitution;
To be turn'd to a tree was a strange resolution:
Yet in this she resembled a true modern spouse,
For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

ON A WOMAN WHO WAS SINGING BALLADS FOR MONEY TO BURY HER HUSBAND.

For her husband deceas'd, Sally chants the sweet lay;
Why, faith, this is singular sorrow;
But (I doubt) since she sings for a dead man to-day,
She'll cry for a live one to-morrow.

EPITAPH

ON THE REV. MR. REYNOLDS; AT ST. PETER'S IN THE ISLE OF THANET.

Was rhetoric on the lips of sorrow hung,
Or could affliction lend the heart a tongue,
Then should my soul, in noble anguish free,
Do glorious justice to herself and thee.

But ah! when loaded with a weight of woe,
Ev'n nature, blessed nature, is our foe.
When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,
For sad mortality is all our own.
Yet but a word: as lowly as he lies,
He spurns all empires, and asserts the skies.
Blush, power! he had no interest here below;
Blush, malice! that he died without a foe;
The universal friend, so form'd to' engage,
Was far too precious for this world and age:
Years were denied, for (such his worth and truth)
Kind Heaven has call'd him to eternal youth.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND MR. T. B.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

(Written in his Garden, July 1752.)

FREE from the proud, the pompous, and the vain,
How simply neat and elegantly plain
Thy rural villa lifts its modest head,
Where fair convenience reigns in fashion's stead;
Where sober plenty does its bliss impart,
And glads thine hospitable, honest heart.
Mirth without vice, and rapture without noise,
And all the decent, all the manly joys!
Beneath a shadowy bow'r, the summer's pride,
Thy darling Tullia [1] sitting by thy side;
Where light and shade in varied scenes display
A contrast sweet, like friendly Yea and Nay.
My hand, the secretary of my mind,
Leaves thee these lines upon the poplar's rind.

[1] His daughter.

ON SEEING THE

PICTURE OF MISS R—— G——N,

DRAWN BY MR. VARELST, OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

SHALL candid Prior [1], in immortal lays,
Thy ancestor with generous ardour praise;
Who, with his pencil's animating pow'r,
In liveliest dyes immortaliz'd a flow'r;
And shall no just impartial bard be found,
Thy more exalted merits to resound?
Who giv'st to beauty a perpetual bloom,
And lively grace, which age shall not consume;
Who mak'st the speaking eyes with meaning roll,
And paint'st at once the body and the soul.

EXTEMPORE,

IN THE KING'S BENCH, ON HEARING A RAVEN CROAK.

YON raven once an acorn took
  From Romney's stoutest tallest tree,
He hid it by a limpid brook,
  And liv'd another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
  Which Providence keeps still alive,
Bids us with afflictions cope,
  And all anxiety survive.

[1] See verses on a flower painted by Varelst.

INSCRIPTIONS ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

ON ONE END.

PARTEM aliquam, O venti, divûm referatis ad aures.

ON ONE SIDE.

Salve, quæ fingis proprio modulamine carmen,
Salve Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!
Dulcè O di divinùmque sonas sine pollicis ictu,
Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops!
Talia, quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,
Talia sunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

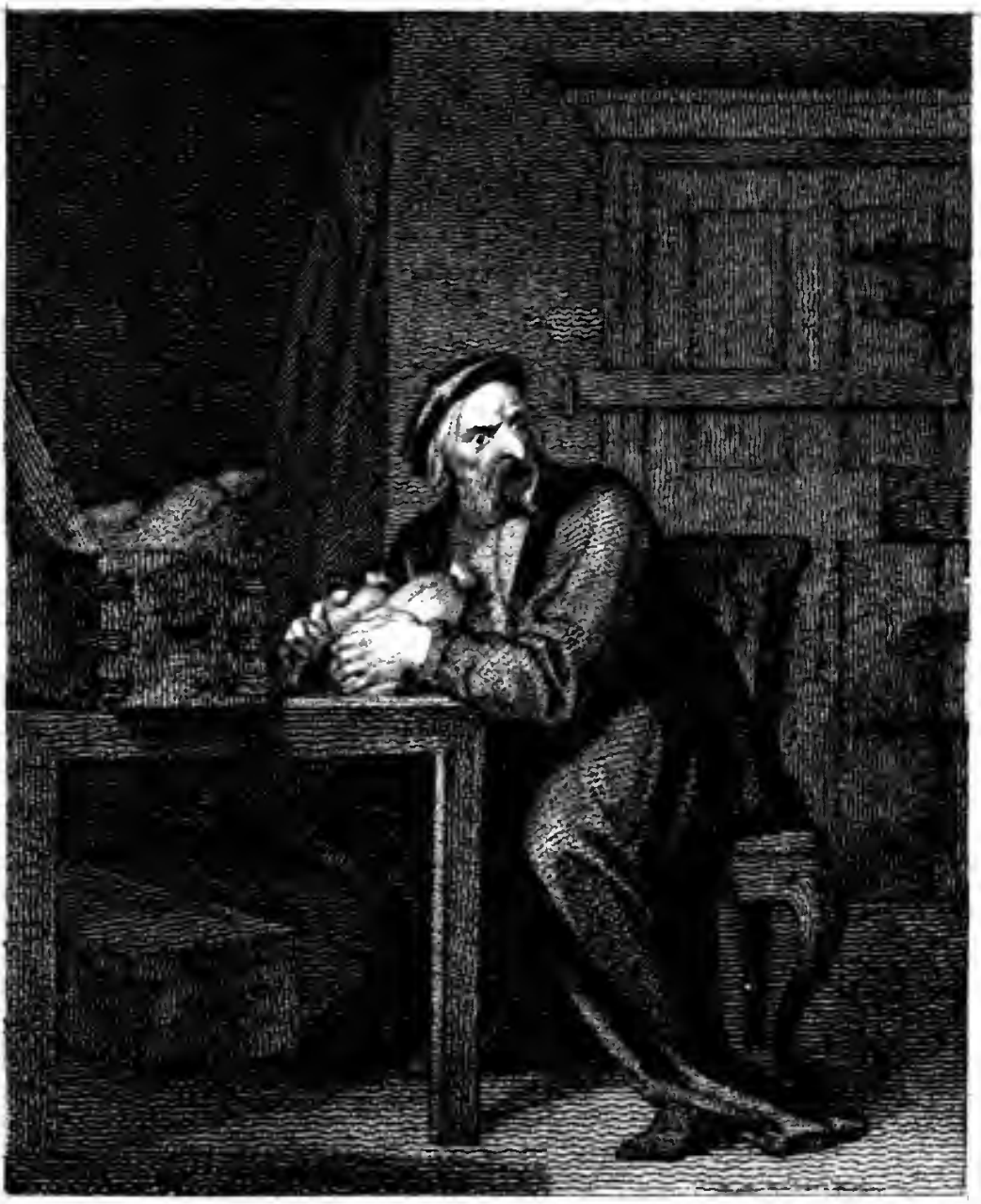
Hail heavenly harp, where Memnon's skill is shown,
That charm'st the ear with music all thine own!
Which though untouch'd, can'st rapturous strains impart,
O rich of genuine nature, free from art!
Such the wild warblings of the silvan throng,
So simply sweet the untaught virgins song.

ON THE OTHER END.

Christophorus Smart Henrico Bell, Armigero.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.



GRAME.

With palsied arms, new-strung from fear, he grasps
His money-bags, and swears they shall not have 'em

Night Piece

SELECT POEMS

OF

JAMES GRÆME.

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SELECT POEMS OF JAMES GRÆME.

SELECT POEMS OF WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, P. L.

SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

INVOCATION

TO

THE ELEGIAC MUSE.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.[1]

HAIL! soft-eyed, tender, melancholy maid!
The poor man's comfort, and the lover's friend!
Give me thy sacred solitude to tread,
And on thy wildly wand'ring steps attend.

Say, if thou choosest in the Cean grove
With musing step to weave thy winding way?
Or rather, through the labyrinths of love,
Pensive with thy Callimachus dost stray?

Hark! hark! from Pontus came that doleful sound?
Was't thou, or Ovid, that inspir'd the string?
The solemn music saddens all around—
Not thus the wanton miscreant us'd to sing!

Say, shall I seek thee in the breezy glade,
Where thy Tibullus sigh'd his simple song?
It suits thee well to soothe so sweet a shade,
And guard the relics of the fair and young!

Or, sit'st thou musing in the desert dome,
Where learn'd Propertius fill'd the labour'd lay!
Or, with Catullus, o'er a brother's tomb,
Sigh'st thou sad dirges to the crumbling clay?

[1] Dr. Anderson was the congenial and life-long friend of Græme, and the zealous guardian of his posthumous fame.

Lo! the last glimmerings of departing day
  Streak the smooth surface of the shadowy stream;
The weary hedger homeward plods his way,
  And down the rough slope nods the tinkling team.

Now dost thou loiter o'er the hallow'd bourn,
  'Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,'
And hear thy Gray, in moral musings, mourn
  The peaceful peasants in their cells that sleep?

Or say, sequester'd from the dinsome roar,
  Which tasteless crowds uninterrupted send,
Meet'st thou thy Shenstone in the rural bow'r
  Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Or, deeply shelter'd in the solemn shade,
  By noble Temple's generous friendship wove,
Hear'st thou thy Hammond tune his tender reed,
  As through the gloom his love-lorn footsteps rove?

Or, all attentive to the lonesome note
  That bursts obscure from Medwan's mazy vale,
Hear'st thou thy Græme, in many a lovesick thought,
  Pour pensive forth his sweetly-varied tale?

Ah! does thy foot his favour'd haunt forego,
  Led where loud wailings pierce the midnight-gloom—
Hear'st thou the knell of death, the shriek of woe,
  Tell to the hollow gale his timeless doom!

That tear becomes thee—gentle was thy Græme!
  Soft were his woes, and sweet his warbled lays!
Yet lasts his love, and lasts his noble flame,
  Bless'd in the strain that lives to latest days.

Me unambitious, as I breathe my moan,
  Nor laurell'd name, nor honour'd meed inspires:
Me it delights to murmur all alone,
  True to my love, and faithful to its fires.

Deep in the bosom of this moss-lin'd grot,
  Whose verdant side unhallow'd waters lave,
Where never poet pour'd the plaintive note,
  Nor lingering lover lull'd the lonesome wave—

If e'er, outstretch'd beneath the midnight sky,
  Musing, erewhile, I mark'd thy visions dear;
If e'er, when wayward beauty drew my eye,
  According murmurs met thy soothed ear;

Deign, meek-eyed maid! with musing footstep slow,
  Pale face demure, and mien sedately sweet!
Deign, now invok'd, to harmonize my woe,
  Soothe my sad sighs, and guide my wandering feet!

1773.

JAMES GRÆME.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

The tuneful lark awakes the purple morn,
  Returning plovers glad the dreary waste;
The trees no more their ravish'd honours mourn,
  No longer bend below the wintry blast.

The Spring o'er all her genial influence sheds,
  Her smelly fragrance scents the balmy breeze:
Her opening blossoms purple o'er the meads,
  Her vivid verdure veils the robbed trees.

The airy cliff resounds the shepherd's lay,
  Within its banks the murmuring streamlet flows;
Around their dams the sportive lambkins play,
  And from the stall the vacant heifer lows.

The voice of music warbles from the wood,
  Delightful objects crowd the smiling scene;
All nature shares the universal good,
  And cold despair exalts no breast but mine.

Dismal to me appears the bloomy vale,
  The haunts of pleasure sadden at my tread;
Unheard, unnoted, vernal zephyrs sail
  The flowery waste, and bend the quivering reed.

No more, enraptur'd with successful love,
  I fit my numbers to the tuneful string;
No more portray the verdure of the grove,
  Or hear the voice of incense-breathing Spring.

The torrents, whiten'd with descending rain,
  The wave-worn windings of the wandering rill,
The flowery flush that liveries all the plain,
  The blue-grey mist that hovers o'er the hill;

I sing no more:—but ravish'd from the maid
  Who kindly listen'd to my faithful sighs,
I, inly grieving, droop the pensive head,
  And mourn the bliss relentless fate denies.

THE LINNET.

Unhappy and unbless'd the man,
  Whom mercy never charm'd;
Whose heart, insensible and hard,
  No pity ever warm'd.

Far from his dangerous abode,
  Heaven! may my dwelling lie;
And from his unrelenting race
  Ye little warblers fly.

Though thickening hawthorns blend their boughs,
  And furze wide spread around,
Yet build not there your downy nests,
  Nor trust the faithless ground.

Although his smiling fields produce
The most, the fittest food;
Beware, beware, nor thither bring
Your young, your tender brood.

Behold a sister-linnet there,
Laid lifeless on the green!
Fled is the smoothness of her plumes,
And fled her sprightly mien.

The grass grows o'er her ruffled head,
And many a tapering rush;
Though once a fairer, sweeter bird,
Did never grace a bush.

It was but yesterday she sat
Upon a thistle's top,
And ey'd her family pecking round:
Their succour and their hope—

Each look, and every chirp, betray'd
A mother's fond delight;
To see them all so fully fledg'd,
And capable of flight.

Close in the middle of a bush,
With prickles thick beset,
She brought them forth; no savage boy
The wily nest could get.

Full twenty days, with pious bill,
Their gaping mouths she fed;
Till ripe, they left their hair-lin'd home,
Slow flitting as she led.

Joyful they flap'd their new-grown wings,
But happy for them all!
Had they but kept their native bush,
Nor seen a mother fall.

Blithsome she sat, and sweetly sang,
Nor dream'd of danger near;
How could she, conscious of no ill?
The guilty only fear.

But, prais'd for villany, alas!
Not innocence can shun,
Nor all a linnet's music ward
The schoolboy's lawless stone.

Train'd by a rough unfeeling sire
To cruelty and pride,
An infant ruffian, passing by,
The harmless bird espied [1].

Conceal'd behind an hawthorn hedge,
He took his deadly aim;
Thick thick the feathers floated round,
And fluttering down she came.

Full fast her fearful younglings fly
Into a neighbouring shade;
Where low they cower disconsolate,
And mourn a mother dead.

Pensive they sit, with hunger pin'd,
Nor dare desert the spray;
Nor know they how to gather food,
No mother leads the way.

[1] This stanza added by Dr. Anderson.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. JAMES FISHER[1].

Soft let me tread the hallow'd ground,
  A druid's buried near!
And can I pass a druid's grave,
  Nor drop a friendly tear!

Short is the path, and broad the way,
  That leads unto the tomb;
The flowers of youth but seldom bud,
  Or wither in their bloom.

The vernal breezes sweetly breathe,
  And all their beauties wake;
When, lo! a storm descends, and they
  Are ravish'd from the stalk.

Full many a youth in flowery prime
  Indulges hope to-day,
Who never sees to-morrow dawn,
  Death's unsuspected prey.

[1] A student of divinity, in the University of Edinburgh, of distinguished abilities, and of agreeable manners, who was unfortunately drowned in the Clyde, between Lanark and Stonebyres, in 1769. He was the son of William Fisher, a respectable farmer in Covington. It is necessary to add, that the character of this pleasant, accomplished, and sensible young man, having been mistaken by some people, more prone to censure than acute to observe, the Presbytery of Bigger denied him his probation; and he was meditating a voyage to America. His body was thrown on the land, about six weeks after the accident, and interred in the church-yard of Covington.

But while I weep in mournful strains,
  O'er youthful years laid low;
Still let me pause, nor dare blaspheme
  The hand that gives the blow.

How many different ills conspire
  To sour the cup of life!
What various passions vex the breast,
  With unabating strife!

The woes that harrow up the heart
  Increase with every day;
Death is our only hope, and he
  In mercy ends the fray.

Hail! highly favoured of Heaven,
  Who safely on the shore,
Without concern, behold the wreck
  That serv'd to waft you o'er.

But chiefly hail! lamented youth,
  On whose green grave I lie;
While round me stalks thy pensive ghost
  In sullen majesty.

No more shall malice wound thy fame,
  Or envy's tale be spread;
For sacred is the silent grave,
  And hallow'd are the dead.

No longer wilt thou, here and there,
  A hapless wanderer roam;
Earth lends her mantle, and supplies
  An unmolested home.

As, rescued from the bleaching wave,
  Thy body turns to dust;
Remembrance oft will drop a tear,
  And own thy fate unjust.

The traveller who passes by,
  With weeping heart will read
The mournful lay which marks thy tomb,
  And soothe thy pensive shade.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies, upon the lap of earth,
    A youth unknown to fame,
Misfortune damp'd his lively parts,
    And check'd his noble flame.

To malice, and to groundless hate,
    A smile was all he gave;
And from regarding Heaven he gain'd,
    In recompense, a grave.

The virtues that adorn'd his youth,
    And mark'd his low estate,
Still, reader, keep before your eye,
    And strive to imitate.

The frailties of unripen'd age
    Consign to native earth;
Nor seek with sacrilegious hand
    To draw these frailties forth.

So may his lamentable fate
Upon you never fall,
Nor death surprise you unawares,
Without a timely call.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN NEAR THE RUINS OF CUTHALEY CASTLE [1].

THE pale-eyed moon serenes the silent hour,
And many a star adorns the clear blue sky;
While pleas'd I view this desolated tow'r
That rears its time-struck tottering top so high.

Here was the garden, there the festive hall,
This the broad entry, that the crowded street;
The task how pleasant to repair its fall,
And every stone arrange in order meet!

The scheme is finish'd;—ages backward roll'd,
And all its former majesty restor'd:—
Imagination hastens to unfold
The pomp, the pleasures of its long-lost lord.

The voice of music echoes through the dome,
The jocund revellers beat the bending floor;
In golden goblets generous liquors foam,
And mirth, loud laughing, wings the rapid hour.

As fancy brightens, other scenes are seen;
No privacy can 'scape her eagle eye;
She follows lovers to the midnight green,
And throws a glory round them as they lie.

[1] The ancient seat of Lord Somerville, near Carnwath.

But mark the change!—the music swells no more,
  And all the dome another prospect wears;
Its master's blood distains the festive floor,
  And mirth, loud-laughing, saddens into tears.

O, how unlike that gentle swain, who press'd
  His yielding mistress on the midnight green!
The lover now, in weeds of warriors dress'd,
  Destruction threatening in his furious mien.

Unmov'd, he sees him murder'd in his prime,
  And wipes the blood red-reeking on his sword;
His savage mistress hails the horrid crime,
  And spurns the carcase of her late lov'd lord.

But not unpunish'd is the guilty pair,
  Imagination hurries on their end;
Behold the lifted falchion's deadly glare!
  Now purple vengeance hastens to descend.

That stroke became thee!—pious was the deed;
  So much an hapless brother's blood requir'd;
In vain let youth, in vain let beauty plead:
  They pled for him, but pled, alas! unheard.

Still, still unwearied, restless fancy roams,
  On swelling waves of wild vagary tost,
Calls sheeted spectres from the opening tombs,
  And fills the tower with many a grisly ghost.

Pensive they stalk in melancholy state,
  And to pale Cynthia bare their gaping wounds;
While many a heapy ruin's moss-clad height,
  In hollow murmurs all their woes resounds.

But whence that mournfully melodious song,
  That voice of elegy so sadly slow,
The certain symptom of a mortal wrong;
  The dismal utterance of an earthly woe?

Haply, some plaintive solitary wretch,
  The thread-bare mourner of a thread-bare tale;
Who nightly does the lunar radiance watch,
  And join the howlet in his weary wail:

Grieving he sees the ravages of time,
  The fleeting nature of terrestrial things—
'In vain the stately palace towers sublime,
  'Low lie the labour'd monuments of kings.

'Where is the darling seat of sceptred pride,
  Proud Babylon! with all her brazen gates?
No pensile gardens grace the dreary void;
  There dens the dragon, with his scaly mates.

Where the magnificence of Grecian fanes?
  No more the storied pyramids we see:
An heap of stones is all that now remains;
  'Tis all they are, and all Versailles shall be!

Where the fam'd structures of imperial Rome?
  Cæsarean theatres to contain a world?
All, all are buried in one mighty tomb,
  All in one gulf of desolation hurl'd!'

Happy, if this should prove his only woe!
  The death of theatres scarce could break my rest;
From other causes all my sorrows flow,
  Far other troubles tear my bleeding breast.

From love, from love, my nightly wandering springs!
No slumber settles on my grief-worn eye;
Else not the ruin'd monuments of kings
Could tempt my steps below the midnight sky.

TO MYRA.

(IN THE MANNER OF OVID.)

In fruitful Clydesdale stands my native seat,
Mean, but not sordid, though not spacious, neat;
In Clydesdale, noted for its lovely dames,
And meadows, water'd with irriguous streams;
For juicy apples, and for mellow pears,
Firm-footed horses, and laborious steers.
In vain would Phœbus cleave the earth with heat,
Or scorching Sirius desolation threat;
In vernal pride still smiles the varied scene,
The fields still flourish, and the grass is green;
Refreshing rills meander all around,
And flowery turfs still shade the fruitful ground.
But what are meads or racy fruits to me,
When far remov'd from happiness and thee?
Each charming prospect changes to a wild,
And desolation reigns in every field.
Mira is absent!—though I dwelt above,
The dismal thought would sadden every grove,
Would change the hue of each immortal flow'r,
And star-stuck arches would appear to lour.
But wert thou there, the windy Alps would please,
Or Greenland, guarded with her glassy seas;
Thy presence would disarm the northern blast,
And melt the mountains of eternal frost.
How doubly pleasant, walking by thy side,
Were Medwan's meadows, and the banks of Clyde!

From blooming furze the linnet's matin lay,
Or lark's, swift borne on early winds away!
  Come to my arms, my mistress and my wife!
Nor waste the morning of too short a life.
Where'er she comes, ye swelling hills subside!
And verdant valleys smile on every side!

TO ELIZA.

Fair is Eliza in her lover's eye;
  No maiden on our plains is half so fair;
I gaze with rapture on your charms, but sigh
  To think that others may that rapture share.

I can't endure the cringing fawning race
  That bow around you wheresoe'er you go;
Contract your sphere, be cautious how you please:
  The man that smiles upon you is my foe.

Away, the empty bustle of a crowd,
  The languid starveling pleasures of a town;
But take, O take us, some sequester'd wood,
  To unknown bliss, or but to angels known.

I do not seek the glory of the vain,
  Nor court I envy from the stolen glance;
Poor is the gift, and little does he gain,
  Who leads a civil mistress in the dance.

Be mine the silent ecstasies of love,
  Too nice for utterance, too refin'd for view;
I'm bless'd indeed! (thus far my wishes rove)
  If only bless'd with solitude and you.

OCTOBER.

LATE does the sun begin his shorten'd race,
  Languid, although no cloud obscures the view;
The nipping hoar-frost veils the shrivell'd grass,
  Where wav'd, erewhile, the cool refreshing dew.

Cold from the north his hooked atoms calls,
  And every field in firmer fetters binds;
Rustling in showers the wither'd foliage falls,
  Slow from the tree, the sport of eddy winds.

The birds, all flocking from their summer haunts,
  On the rough stubbles pick the costly grain;
His deadly snares the cruel fowler plants,
  And intercepts the wing that flaps in vain.

Hard is their fate—if we may call it hard,
  To shun the rigid winter's coming storms,
When famine threatens in the farmer's yard,
  And drifted snow the desert field deforms.

The most familiar of all birds of song,
  Domestic redbreast, on the window sits;
While, seldom seen, though whirring all day long,
  The active wren from hedge to hedge still flits.

In signs like these, the ploughman wisely reads
  Approaching winter, and provides a wife;
The joyless season passes o'er their heads,
  Lost and unmark'd amid the sweets of life.

But wretched he, whom all the long dark night
  Fate on a lonely couch has doom'd to lie!
Does Mira frown at what I trembling write?—
  If Mira frown, that wretched swain am I.

CLARA TO DAMON.

Ah, cruel change! from gentle to severe;
Change ever proves unfriendly to the fair:
Show me the man, the wondrous man, whose mind
Alters to kinder sentiments from kind;
No, there is no such man; or, if there be,
Who would not wish the youth they love were he?
What maid would think she overdid her part,
To grasp the dear inconstant to her heart,
Discard each grim-ey'd guardian of her charms,
And fold, and closer fold him in her arms!
  'Tis vision all! the same severe decree
Has ruin'd womankind that ruins me;
Fram'd, delicately fram'd, for social bliss,
We feel each finer passion in excess;
In love at length each female friendship ends;
We scarce distinguish lovers from our friends;
Nor have we learn'd, with philosophic pride,
From our's another's misery to divide.
But man is fashion'd in a rougher mould,
Insensible at best, and always cold;
His lumpish soul no generous wish inspires,
No pity melts, no heartfelt rapture fires;
Or, if for once it kindle into praise,
How soon the momentary flash decays!
Scarce have we time to hail the dawning light,
Ere the weak meteor vanishes in night;

With eager eyes we search around in vain,
And think to see it glimmering again!
Alas, how foolish! 'tis for ever gone,
With the delightful hour in which it shone!
Ah me! and must I never more prolong
The night, in listening to my Damon's song!
Alas! can love admit of no decrease,
That too, too little! yet be render'd less?
My happiness requires it should be so;
It must, it shall! though worlds should answer, No.
Yes, Damon, yes, a very weak excuse
Will screen the silence of your faithless muse;
Tell me on systematic plains you stray,
'Borne on the wings of wisdom far away.'
But wherefore thus disturb my quiet? why
Regard your failings with too nice an eye?
Though gross be the deceit, if you deceive,
I pledge my maiden honour to believe.

ELEGY.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Yet onward leads the lengthening way,
Perplexed and forlorn;
And chilly blows the mountain gale,
Around me restless borne.

No vernal verdure, fresh and fair,
Waves on the wat'ry ray,
That frequent streaks yon gathering gloom,
And frequent fades away.

I see, wide-scatter'd here and there,
Along the dark-brown waste,
The faded furze, the wither'd fern,
The rock moss-clad and vast.

I hear the wild birds' wailing notes,
Remurm'ring o'er the heath;
Now to and fro they flocking flit,
Or cow'r the bush beneath.

In awful blackness rising round,
I see the brewing blast;
It howls from yonder hill's brown brow,
And sweeps the sounding waste.

Near, and more near, my pensive eye
Remarks its rapid way;
Now less'ning sinks yon grey-grown rock,
Now viewless swims away.

Resistless night is falling fast,
To fill the frowning scene,
And leaves no shelt'ring shade, to ward
The swift-descending rain.

I'll sit me down upon the heath,
And wipe away this tear—
The chill blast rages ruthless by,
And horror meets my ear.

Ah me! the big round briny drop
Still gathers in my eye,
And from my boding breast expires
Th' involuntary sigh!

The twilight hour, with horror fraught,
Is fleeting fast away;
And fruitless flows the falling tear,
That weeps my long delay.

In vain across the' accustom'd green
May Clara look for me?
Nor her, nor the dear face of man,
My eyes will ever see!

Surpris'd along the mid-way waste,
Where driving tempests blow,
The stern resistless stroke of fate
Will lay my body low.

I feel, I feel the chilling storm
Obstruct my lab'ring breath;
My shiv'ring limbs will soon be pale
And lifeless on the heath.

Unseen, unwept, no winding shroud
Will my cold corse receive;
No sad procession bear me on,
To fill my father's grave;

No rising stone reveal my name,
Or make my merit known;
No sculptur'd elegiac lay
Lament my early doom.

Extended o'er the howling heath,
To bleaching blasts a prey;
The wearing waste of with'ring winds
Will moulder me away.

If e'er to thee, in happier hour,
My pray'r delightful rose,
Pity my maid, mysterious heav'n!
And swift my sorrows close.

ELEGY.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Behold, ye fair! yon melancholy maid,
The tear just bursting from her downcast eye,
Who on the willow leans her pensive head,
'And pores upon the brook that babbles by.'

She once, like you, did laugh the hours away,
Was often merry, and was seldom grave;
Walks were not wanting to deceive the day,
Nor love, I ween, to cheer the gloomy eve.

The flow'rs of beauty blossom'd on her cheek,
Men thought her witty, and she thought so too;
She now and then would think, but oft'ner speak,
And always did as other virgins do.

When, lo! she fell, for passion was her guide,
From seeming pleasure into real shame:—
Sneer not, ye flaunting progeny of pride!
In some black hour your fate may be the same!

Weigh well your actions, ponder ev'ry deed;
For future fame and future fortune, fear;
And follow not where pow'rful passions lead,
For fell repentance rages in the rear.

ELEGY.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

Exil'd the social joys of life,
I wander here forlorn,
Around me headlong torrents roar,
Nor gleams the distant morn.

Why leaps my coward heart with fear?
Though death besets my way,
No loving wife, no prattling babe,
Bewails my long delay.

Hackney'd in woe, my joyless youth
Dissolves in briny tears;
And withers on my downy cheek,
The bloom of boyish years.

My earliest love, my only joy,
Deserted virtue's lore;
Ingulf'd in infamy she lies,
To rise, alas! no more.

Tempests drive on, collect your rage,
Howl, genius of the storm;
Extend, ye rivers! o'er the waste;
Come, Death, in any form.

Thanks, thanks, officious pow'r! you come;
I feel thy friendly dart;
Cold chills the current of my life,
And freezes to my heart.

Farewell, thou canker of my hopes!
My ruin'd maid! adieu,
Welcome, forgetfulness of woe,
And sleep for ever new.

ABSENCE.

Fled are the blossoms of each tree,
And blasted every bough;
Silent and gloomy is the grove,
And solitary now.

In vain I seek each favourite spot,
That gave delight before;
Dismal each favourite spot appears,
And gives delight no more.

A prospect comfortless and sad,
Long lengthens all around;
And every passing streamlet gives
A melancholy sound.

If on the azure of the east
I fix my wandering eye,
Love, grief, and Mira, fill my soul;
I rave, I mourn, I cry.

And can I look to where the sun
Directs his evening ray,
Nor call to mind a hapless friend [1],
Who lingers life away?

[1] Dr. Anderson, the author's familiar friend, was then at Monkland Well, near Glasgow, for the recovery of his health.

Yes, yes, I yield, unhappy youth!
Whene'er I think of thee;
I yield the dearly purchas'd prize,
Superior misery.

But though unequal in the strife,
I some distinction claim;
Ills, and misfortunes not a few,
Adorn my growing name.

Fate's iron pencil has engrav'd
On either pensive brow,
Some leading features of distress,
Some well-touch'd tints of woe.

Alike black envy's blasting fang
And rooted spite we prove;
Alike we shed the secret tear
Of disappointed love.

Alike, deceitful hope usurps
Our unsuspecting breast;
An artful minister of woe,
Ingenious to molest.

An endless crowd of ills, a sad
Variety of pain,
Cross issues, and tormenting fears,
Compose her dreadful train.—

Thrice happy they, who gain from Heav'n
A calm unruffled life,
Of tearless sorrow, silent woe,
Uninterrupted grief!

Abstracted from this busy scene,
Agreed with all around,
They steal from life, unfelt the pain,
Incurable the wound.

Such be the tenor of my days,
And such my latter end;
And such (he asks no more) may Heaven
Bestow upon my friend!

ON

COMING TO THE COUNTRY.

HAIL, dear companions of my youthful days!
Frequented hills and natal valleys, hail!
Peace, rest around!—while I incessant raise
My plaintive voice, and woes unwearied wail.

Peace, rest around!—the only boon I crave,
Is, undisturb'd, by yonder stream to stray;
To muse unnoted in the cool of eve,
Unnoted court the dawning of the day.

Why would you ask a melancholy man,
To number ills the' unhappy only prove?
The dismal tale would turn the wanton wan,
Infectious sorrow seize the group of love.

No, in my bosom let them ever rest;
A bosom that rejoices in the smart:
I grasp the dear destroyer to my breast,
And feed the passion which must break my heart.

Yes, Mira! yes, I hug thy faithless form:
See happy days—days never meant for me!
Yet still I feel the rising, raging storm,
'Tis transport, joy, and death, to think on thee!

Death! let thy deep-dy'd purple garment flow,
The bloody dagger threaten in thy hand;
I fear thee not, array'd in weeds of woe;
Of woe, awak'd by Mira's own command.

ON THE

LOSS OF THE AURORA,

WITH THE INDIAN SUPERVISORS, 1769.

ARE there, who, lost to all their country's charms,
To friends, companions, and their native home,
Who burst, unfeeling, from a parent's arms,
And, mad for gold, in foreign regions roam?

Mean is their aim, if gold alone allures;
If glory fires not, nor their country's love:
On such the Indian nightly curses pours,
And calls red vengeance from the courts above.

Alas! how many, lost to honest fame,
On Guinea's coast have courted black disgrace;
Have render'd infamous a Briton's name,
By lording lawless o'er a feeble race!

How many, ev'n on India's furthest shore,
Have rob'd the helpless native of his own!—
Not such the generous band, Aurora bore
To honest industry and fair renown!

Each breast beat faithful in its country's cause,
  Each heart was warm with love of humankind;
Keen to establish equitable laws,
  They chode the failing breeze and lagging wind.

Not always in the bark where virtue sails,
  Does smooth-brow'd safety at the helm preside;
Not always is she fan'd with prosperous gales,
  Since death's dark waves oft dash against her side.

Since oft on rocks, to charts and maps unknown,
  The hapless vessel suffers sudden wreck:
Nor is it virtue that can save alone,
  When all around the watry pillars break.

Were virtue powerful o'er the stormy deep,
  Aurora on its bosom ne'er had lain;
Nor mothers taught their infant babes to weep
  For fathers tossing on the watry main [1].

ELEGY.

Beneath this mossy oak's embow'ring shade,
  Where Clyde majestic rolls his lengthen'd stream,
I've found a seat for tender sorrow made,
  On which the sun ne'er shed one genial gleam.

[1] In December 1769, the ship arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence it sailed soon after, but was never heard of afterwards. It is generally supposed to have taken fire, and that all the crew perished.

Hail, gentle genius of this mournful bow'r!
  Who mingles tears with every plaintive guest;
Say, did you ever, by your friendly power,
  Serene the passions of so sad a breast?

Say, skill'd in woes which ancient lovers bare,
  Lovers to black oblivion long consign'd;
Can all their complicated ills compare
  With my unmingled misery of mind?

When future lovers shall lament their fate,
  Beneath the shadow of this aged tree,
The dismal story of my woes relate,
  They'll cease to sorrow when they think of me.

Tell them, Eliza was my earliest love;
  Tell, how my humble passion she repay'd;
When lawless ruffians rush'd into the grove,
  And forc'd to distant climes the hapless maid.

Then onward lead them to yon hillock's height,
  Whose grass long-rankling drinks the sullen wave,
And, weeping, bid the verdant turf lie light,
  And plant the watery willow round my grave.

So may they all escape my timeless end,
  And never, never, my misfortunes feel;
Ne'er lose a mistress—ne'er lament a friend—
  Nor bare their bosoms to the fatal steel.

ELEGY.

FAREWELL, companions of my secret sighs,
  Love-haunted streams, and vales besprent with [dew!
Pensive, I see the ridgy hills arise,
  Which must for ever hide you from my view.

A fleeting shadow was my promis'd peace,
  The baseless fabric of a dream, my rest;
I laid me down in confidence of ease,
  And meedless sorrow burst my bleeding breast.

See, yonder fleets the visionary scheme,
  The fond illusion of a simple mind—
The sweets of love—the solitary stream,
  The fragrant meadow, and the whispering wind.

Say, my Eliza, was it fancied bliss
  You us'd to picture by yon falling rill?
O, say, where is it?—must it end in this?
  O, still deceive, and I'll believe you still!

Say, fortune yet has happier days in store;
  Days big with transport, and with raptures new;
O! say I'm your's; I ask, I hope no more;
  But only say so, and I'll think it true.

But whither wanders my distemper'd brain,
  On seas of fancy and vagary tost?
Before me lies a bleak extended plain,
  And love and rapture are for ever lost.

TO MIRA.

KNEELING before the Majesty of Heav'n,
  For gilded roofs my prayer never rose;
I ask'd no fertile field's delicious fruit,
  Nor bent a wish to all a Florio plows.

With thee to share the calmer joys of life,
  On thy soft bosom wear my age away;
And timely tottering on the verge of fate,
  Look back with pleasure on each wellspent day.

I ask'd no more:—Of what avail to me
  The transient honours of a fleeting hour;
The cumbrous trappings of a large estate,
  The painted hanging, and the marble floor?

Can riches blunt the dreadful dart of pain;
  Or check misfortune in her mid career?
Dispel the terrors of approaching fate;
  Or snatch their owner from the mournful bier?

Let want expose me to the world's contempt,
  And poverty in all her rags invest;
Return—and let the foolish world despise;
  Return—in spite of poverty I'm blest.

If Heaven, averse, reject my earnest pray'r,
  And fortune fix me in these distant plains;
Cease, cease, dread sisters! your ungrateful toil
  And burn the luckless thread that yet remain

ELEGY.

WHILE sad I stray in solitary grief, [flow;
Where wild woods thicken, and where waters
No hope prophetic ministers relief,
Nor thought presaging mitigates my woe.

The dismal prospect thickening ills deform,
Black, and more black, each coming day appears;
Remov'd from shelter, I expect the storm,
And wait the period of deceitful years.

Soon may it come: and, O, may Mira soon
Forget the pleasures she has left behind;
All that at first her virgin graces won,
And all that since engag'd her youthful mind.

What is Alexis? what his boasted love,
The banks of Medwan, and the vales around?
But a fair blossom in the dreamer's grove,
That sudden sinks, and never more is found.

Yes, yes, dear maid! the happiness of youth
Is but the revery of a real dream;
We catch delusions in the guise of truth;
A lover's raptures are not what they seem.

But yet a little, and the eye of age
Dissolves the phantoms to their native air;
A new creation opens on the sage,
Another passion, and another fair.

Forgive my weakness, for 'tis surely weak
  To teach and yet despise the prudent part;
I feel, alas! I feel it as I speak:
  This is a language foreign to my heart.

Her rigid lecture reason reads in vain,
  Cold are her precepts, and her comforts cold;
I would not barter poverty and pain
  For Clodio's wisdom, or for Florio's gold.

One only boon is all I ask of thee;
  When in the mansion of the peaceful plac'd,
O, do not shed one precious tear for me,
  But let my sorrows in oblivion rest!

As in the bosom of unwater'd wilds
  A lowly lily languishes unseen,
And soon to drought, unknown, unnoted yields,
  Leaving no traces that it once had been.

ELEGY.

Ye dreams of bliss, and flattering hopes, that want
  With momentary joy to ease my care,
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
  Vexation, disappointment, and despair.

Well pleas'd, I saw your airy bubbles blown,
  Seemingly fair, and deck'd with many a ray:
But, lo! the tempest rose, and they were gone,
  Broke and evanish'd in a single day.

Peace, base-born wishes, sprung from selfish pride!
  Will fate reverse her positive decree?
Yon hill divides us, and will still divide,
  Nor bend its lordly brow to pleasure me.

Yes, far beyond yon hill's aspiring height,
  Which, to the orient, bounds our utmost view,
Where other streams reflect the morning light,
  And other mountains are array'd in blue;

Mira now listens to the midnight knell,
  By little rills that mimic Medwan's flow;
And bids sublimely sad the spinet swell,
  The solemn notes of sympathetic woe.

Enough, dear maid! to constancy and love,
  To tender parents surely something's due;
Let others taste the joys I cannot prove,
  The happy man whom fortune means for you.

O! bring not down, with unavailing tears,
  Their hoary heads with sorrow to the grave;
Let not thy grief afflict the full-of-years,
  But grant the grandson whom they justly crave.

One thought is all I ask: if marriage vows,
  And jealous Hymen, shall admit of one;—
One only thought—in memory of my woes,
  One thought—in pity of a wretch undone!

TO MIRA.

If you in fancy's ever-blooming scenes,
  Contemplative of future grandeur, rove,
Delighted gaze on Florio's wide demesnes,
  And blush to recollect an humbler love!

'Twere rude, dear maid! to break the golden dream,
  To sweep the gaudy equipage away;
Sully the massy plater's silver gleam,
  Or grind the China to its native clay.

Be far from me the' invidious, cruel task,
  To point the flaws which fancy's colours hide!
Too soon experience will remove the mask,
  And show the nakedness of pompous pride.

But if you cherish in your faithful breast
  The pleasing memory of former days,
Kindly recal each sacred promise past,
  And only fate our happiness delays:

My willing muse shall speed the tedious hour,
  And cheer your solitude with pious care;
At noon attend you in the woodland bow'r,
  And add fresh fragrance to the evening air.

Still true to virtue, let us shun the bait
  That from her paths would tempt our steps astray;
Still for a favourable issue wait,
  And through each difficulty edge our way.

Misfortune's waves may overwhelm a while,
  But buoyant virtue will emerge at last;
The time advances that rewards our toil,
  And blots from memory the sorrows past.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

While some, in all the luxury of health,
The pride of pleasure, and the pomp of wealth,
Inglorious, rous'd at passion's frantic call,
Soak o'er the bowl, or madden at the ball;
Triumph illiberal o'er the simple maid,
By love or promise, to their arms betray'd;
Some painted trifle with anxiety chase,
Or wallow fulsome in the lewd embrace,
By foul debauch and worthless feats secure
Remorse vindictive in the sober hour;
The grave associate of the good and sage,
Or nerv'd with youth, or silver'd o'er with age;
Through giddy life you urge your steady way,
While conscience cheers the night and glads the day;
In vain assail the vanities of youth,
You mark their progress, and you check their growth,
From learning all its formal pride remove,
Guard cheating friendship, fetter stubborn love.
  O! could I thus the' impetuous passions crush,
Stifle the sigh, and curb the secret wish;
By reason's sway this love of self control,
This blaze of youth, and impotence of soul;
Repress the frothy insolence of fame,
The sigh that heaves for an immortal name;

I would not, restless, midnight vigils keep,
Nor from my pillow drive encroaching sleep;
To the tenth stanza elegies prolong,
Nor clothe my woe in all the pomp of song;
With joyless step an airy prize pursue,
Which mocks my grasp, yet glitters in my view;
Admire a virgin whom I see no more,
Hills rise between us, and deep waters roar,
And, worse than streams and mountains, still divide,
The daughter's piety, and the father's pride.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

To speed the luckless moments, heavy-wing'd,
And from the drowsy monarch glorious steal,
And dark oblivion drear, the silent hour,
To meditation sacred and the muse;
In grave abstraction from the noise of life,
Thus let me frequent brush the dewy brake,
And, lonely devious, urge the darksome step,
Where, rising gradual, towers the shrubby hill.
Now, night's vicegerent, silence, awful pow'r!
In sage solemnity, and pomp august,
Brooding, retir'd amid immantling glooms
Horrific, holds her solitary reign,
While yielding nature owns her potent sway.
The scold's loud 'larum, and the dinsome mirth
Of lawless revellers, plague not the ear:
And rock-born echo, daughter of the hill,
The dupe of empty clangor, answers not
The ox's bellow, or the horse's neigh.
Not one rebellious murmur wide around
Affects the sense; save from an aged fane,

(Whose rocky ruins, honour'd in decay,
Rise venerable, furr'd with drawling slugs)
Her lone retreat, the melancholic bird
Portentous and obscene, the hooting owl
Of formal phiz, in grave discordance hails
The full-orb'd moon, who now from orient climes
Drives slowly on, in majesty sedate,
Her silver wain; with noiseless flight they cleave
The blue expanse, her coursers eagle-wing'd.
Shook from night's sable skirt, the blue-gray cloud
Rests on the hill, slow creeping to the vale.
Athwart the vault ethereal, airy borne,
The streamy vapours, carv'd to giant forms
By rural fancy, playful, wheel convolv'd,
Portending hunger, pestilence, and death:
So dreams the gloomy peasant, labour-worn,
Who, from the turf-clos'd window's scanty round,
With grave regard the novel wonder views,
And, ruminating sad, bewails the times.
The red-blue meteor, daughter of the marsh,
In dance irregular sweeps the rushy vale,
While hell's grim monarch (so the vulgar deem)
Rides in the glimmering blaze, with purpose drear,
And murderous intent, and frequent drowns
The heedless wanderer in the swardy gulf.
Now light-heel'd fairies ply the circular dance,
With sportive elves, upon the midnight green;
While screaming hideous, from the dismal bourne
Of desolated castles, goblins pale,
Bloody and gaunt, the progeny abhor'd
Of superstition, hell-engender'd power,
By cunning monks conjur'd from lowest Styx,
Affright the maudlin rustic!—Now solemn,
To fancy's morbid eye, the sullen ghost

In sheeted grandeur through the church-yard stalks
Horrendous, muttering to the sickening moon;
Until the bird of Mars with noisy clap,
Arrousive of the dawn, shall crow aloud.
Now scandal's votaries, of flippant tongue
And haggard look, low-bending o'er a fire,
Almost extinct, beneath a cloud obscene,
Tobacco-form'd, sit planning future lies.
With bolts and double doors in vain secur'd,
Grey-headed avarice on the elbow rais'd,
Distrustful listens to the plaintive breeze
That howls without, while to his jealous ear
A dire divan of hellish ruffians curs'd
Debate the future breach: mad at the thought,
With palsied arms, new-strung from fear, he grasps
His money-bags, and swears they shall not have 'em.
Now in his reverend study, cobweb-lin'd,
Beside a paly lamp, with bitten nails,
The meagre student o'er a folio sits
Of sagest bulk, in meditation deep:
Weak nature oft invites to sweet repose,
And bids restore the labour'd volume huge
To worms innate; but o'er his fancy come
The patron's money'd aunt, his future spouse,
The glebe, the solemn sables, cravat starch,
And urge some pages more; till rushing prone
The classic cruise, in hapless station plac'd,
In fragments scatter'd lies, and victor sleep
His triumph trumpets from the vocal nose.
Now, by the willow'd brink of wand'ring streams,
The woe-worn lover walks with varied pace,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies to the wind,
Obtesting heav'n, and cursing ev'ry star
That lower'd malicious on his hopeful flame:

To college went, and found, with much ado,
That roses were not red, nor violets blue;
That all I've learn'd, or all I yet may learn,
Can't help me truth from falsehood to discern.

* * * * *

All mere confusion, altogether hurl'd,
One dreary waste, one vast ideal world!
Where uproar rules, and do you what you will,
Uproar has rul'd it, and will rule it still.
Victorious *ergo*, daring consequence,
Will ever be a match for common sense!
To lordly reason every thing must bow,
The hero liberty, and conscience too;
The first is fetter'd in a fatal chain,
The latter, gagg'd, attempts to speak in vain.
Locke! Malebranche! Hume! abstractions thrice [abstract!
In reason give me what in sense I lackt.
I feel my poverty, and, in my eye,
My hat, though dyed, has but a dusky dye.
'Mistrust your feelings, reason bids you do.'—
But, gentlemen, indeed I cannot now;
For after all your *ergos*, look you there!
My hat is greasy, and my coat is bare.
Hail moral truth! I'm here at least secure,
You'll give me comfort, though you keep me poor.
But say you so? in troth 'tis something hard,
Virtue does surely merit a reward.
'Reward! O, servile, selfish; ask a hire!'
Raiment and food this body does require:
A prince for nothing may philosophise,
A student can't afford to be so wise.
Sometimes the Stoa's gloomy walks I tried,
Wrinkled my forehead, and enlarg'd my stride,

Despis'd ev'n hunger, poverty, and pain,
Searching my pockets for a crust in vain.
Sometimes in Academus' verdant shade
With step more graceful I exulting stray'd,
Saw health and fortune join'd with happiness,
And virtue smiling in her social dress;
On me she did not smile, but rather lour;
I still was wretched, for I still was poor.
Sworn to no master, sometimes I would dwell
With Shaftesbury, sometimes with Mandeville;
Would call at every system on my way,
And now with Leibnitz, now with Manes stay;
But after all my shiftings here and there,
My hat was greasy, and my coat was bare.
Then I beheld my labours past, and lo!
It all was vanity, and all was woe;
I look'd on Learning, and her garb was mean,
Her eyes were hollow, and her cheeks were lean;
Disease and famine threaten'd in her train,
And want, who strives to hide her rags in vain;
Her lurid brow a sprig of laurel brac'd,
On which was mark'd, 'Unpension'd and unplac'd.'
I turn'd to Ignorance; and lo! she sate
Enthron'd beneath a canopy of state;
Before her riches all his bags untied,
And ever and anon her wants supplied,
While on a smiling plenitude of face,
Was clearly read, 'A pension and a place.'

ON VISITING CARNWATH SCHOOL, 1769.

Dullness avaunt!—Cimmerian spectres hence!
The surgy surface of the miry lake
Subsides, horrendous, to receive your fall,
And mirky hell, unfathomably deep,
Yawns for her sable sons, with parent care!
Already, hunger-pin'd, with horrid yell
Re-echo'd by the adamantine roof
Of ancient Erebus, the infernal hound
Expands his jaws to welcome your return—
And ah! return ye must—if enter here—
Conscious of former worth, this aged house
Contemptuous totters on its mould'ring base,
Threat'ning destruction to the idiot crew
That with pedantic orgies shall profane
Its hallow'd bourne—where infant genius bloom'd.
Here grave Philander[1], elegantly good,
And even in boyish years maturely wise,
Felt kindling in his breast the' ethereal flame
Prompting to generous deeds————
And with the balm of mediation heal'd
The petty discord of his quarrelling mates,
Or rescu'd with the manly hand of power
Defenceless childhood from the scourge of age.
Here Thyrsis[2], ravish'd with the sweets of sound,
To indigested numbers tun'd the lyre;

[1] The Rev. James Somerville, senior minister of Stirling.
[2] Mr. John Inglis, master of the grammar-school of Cannongate, Edinburgh, and author of 'The Patriot,' a poem, printed in 1777. He died in 1786.

Gaily melodious while with patient charms
His light Belinda flutter'd in the lay.
  Here gay Florello[3], of more open front
And sweeter manners, cheer'd his crowding mates
With tale facetious, or with equal care
Set limits to the race, while rival maids
Admir'd the beauty of the gallant boy.
  Here, O! illustrious and lamented youth!
Aspasio[4]! all those lovely virtues dawn'd,
Which gain'd thee friendships in a foreign clime,
And drew compassion's tears from stranger eyes,
To see thee, all amid thy blooming hopes,
Struck immaturely from the ranks of men!
  Here Damon[5] stem'd the estuating tide
Of boyish follies, and industrious scan'd
The feats of classic chieftains; early warm'd
With Roman liberty, and Grecian arts:
Or, variously character'd his brow,
Stalk'd indolently thoughtful, dreaming much
Of Hæmus' Pindus, and the holy hill
Of Phocis, water'd with Castalian springs.
  And here Alexis[6] trifled many an hour,
Reckless of science and the laurell'd maids,

[3] Mr. Walter Somerville, bookseller in Lanark. He died in 1783.

[4] Mr. John Melrose. He was bred a surgeon at South Shields, attended the medical classes of Edinburgh, and afterwards settled in Jamaica, where he died in 1766. He was eminently skilled in polite literature, medicine, botany, and natural history. Some time before his death he was employed in collecting materials for a natural history of Jamaica.

[5] Dr. Robert Anderson of Edinburgh.

[6] The Author.

Till late reclaim'd by Damon's friendly care,
He turn'd the volumes fraught with ancient lore;
And, not unfavour'd by the god of song,
To artless numbers tun'd the dorie reed.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

While youth yet scampers in its wild career,
And life's mad bustle vibrates on our ear;
While frolic's looser merriments delight,
And delicacy yields to appetite;
Why strives my friend, by studies too severe,
To antedate the tyranny of care?
To weaken principles already weak,
The very principles by which we act?
These bug-bear passions that affright you so,
Procure us all the happiness we know;
From their repose results the calm of life,
But greater bliss accompanies their strife;
And when their generous efforts you subdue,
You only do what sager time would do;
If war was destin'd for each living wight,
Why has not nature arm'd us for the fight?
Chastis'd the flowing current of our blood,
And disengag'd us from the fair and good?
Each human heart in Stygian armour dress'd,
And lin'd with triple brass each ruffian breast?
How happy youth! if youth its bliss but knew;
Theirs is the present, theirs the future too;
Where'er they turn, enjoyment courts their eye,
Enjoyment, not forbidden by the sky:
Here, walk the fairy phantoms of the grove,
Young friendship leaning on the arms of love;

There, fame in air displays the gaudy crown,
By sages, heroes, poets, patriots, won.
Come, let us now each pleasant scene enjoy,
Ere age's wither'd hands their sweets destroy;
Sweep all away, and nothing leave behind
But philosophic apathy of mind.

A FIT OF THE SPLEEN.

What is this creature man, who struts the world
With so much majesty?—A frightful dream!
A midnight goblin, and a restless ghost!
Leaving the dismal regions of the tomb,
To walk in darkness, and astonish night,
With hideous yellings, and with piteous groans!
The radiant orbs that glitter o'er your heads,
What are they more than lamps in sepulchres?
That shine on dead men's bones, and point out death,
Misfortune, sorrow, misery, and woe,
And all the sad innumerable ills
That blazon the' escutcheon of mortality!
A horror visible! than which the shades,
The thickest midnight shades, Cimmerian glooms,
Were clearer sunshine, and more wishful day!
The mountain's fragrance, and the meadow's growth,
The vernal blossom, and the summer's flower,
Are but funereal garlands, nature strows
Munificent on this stupendous hearse,
This decorated prelude to the grave:
Insatiable monster! yawning still,
Unfathomably deep!—A little while,

And lo! he closes on the painted scene,
And, surfeited with carnage, yawns no more!
Say, what is life?—this privilege to breathe?
But a continued sigh—a lengthen'd groan—
A felt mortality—a sense of pain—
A present evil, still foreboding worse—
A churchyard epitaph—a plaintive song—
A mournful universal elegy
We ever read, and ever read with tears!

HYMN

TO THE ETERNAL MIND.

HAIL, source of happiness! whate'er thy name,
Through ages vast succession still the same;
For ever bless'd, in giving others bliss,
No boon thou askest of thy reptile race;
Their virtues please thee, and their crimes offend,
Not as a governor, but as a friend:
What can our goodness profit thee? and say,
Can guilt's black dye thy happiness allay?
Raise vengeful passions in thy heavenly mind,
Passions that ev'n disgrace the human kind?
No: are we wise? the wisdom is our own;
And folly's miseries wait on fools alone:
We live and breathe by thy divine command,
Our life, our breath, are in thy holy hand;
But something still is ours, and only ours,
A moral nature, grac'd with moral pow'rs,
Thy perfect gift, unlimited and free,
Without reserve of service, or of fee.

Poor were the gift if given but to bind
In everlasting fetters all mankind!
To bind us o'er to debts we ne'er could pay,
And for our torment cheat us into day!
Not thus thou dealest, sure it is not thus,
Father beneficent! with all, with us!
Thou form'dst our souls susceptible of bliss,
In spite of circumstance, of time, and place;
A bliss internal, every way our own,
Which none can forfeit, is denied to none;
For ever forfeit; for our freedom's such,
'Tis scorn'd or courted, still within our reach;
And if we sink to misery and woe,
Thou neither made us, nor decreed us so.
Perfection in a creature cannot dwell,
Some men have fallen, and some yet may fall;
Many the baits that tempt our steps astray,
From reason's dictates and from wisdom's way.
But, hail, Eternal Essence! ever hail!
Though vice now triumph, passion now prevail;
Though all should err, yet all are sure to find
In thee a father! and in thee a friend!
A friend, to overlook the mortal part,
The crimes, the follies foreign to the heart.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, P. L.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, P.L.

THE

DANGER OF WRITING VERSE.

AN EPISTLE. 1741.

'Quæ poterant unquam satis expurgare Cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?'

HOR.

You ask me, sir, why thus, by phantoms aw'd,
No kind occasion tempts the muse abroad?
Why, when retirement soothes this idle art,
To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart?
'Twould wrong your judgment, should I fairly say
Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay:
Hint the small difference, till we touch the lyre,
'Twixt real genius and too strong desire;
The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,
Which rouse the critic, but escape the friend;
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe pursues,
You pass, and smile, and still provoke the muse.
Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,
My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.

For not in this, like other arts, we try
Our light excursions in a summer sky,
No casual flights the dangerous trade admits;
But wits once authors, are for ever wits.
The fool in prose, like earth's unwieldy son,
May oft rise vigorous, though he's oft o'erthrown:
One dangerous crisis marks our rise or fall;
By all we're courted, or we're shun'd by all.
Will it avail, that, unmatur'd by years,
My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
If now condemn'd? ev'n where he's valued most,
The man must suffer if the poet's lost;
For wanting wit, be totally undone,
And bar'd all arts, for having fail'd in one.
When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage.
'Tis powerful reason holds the straighten'd rein,
While fluttering fancy to the distant plain
Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.
But grant for once, the' officious muse has shed
Her gentlest influence on his infant head;
Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding fame
Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name,
And see! distinguish'd, from the crowd he moves,
Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,
Obsequious nature binds the tempest's wings,
And pleas'd attention listens while he sings!
O blissful state! O more than human joy!
What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy?
What cares, my friend?—why all that man can know,
Oppress'd with real or with fancied woe.

Rude to the world, like earth's first lord expell'd
To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field;
No more eternal springs around him breathe,
Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;
Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear
Each varying season of the poet's year:
Flattery's full beam, detraction's wintry store,
The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.
Is he reserv'd?—his sense is so refin'd,
It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.
Open and free?—they find the secret cause
Is vanity; he courts the world's applause.
Nay, though he speak not, something still is seen;
Each change of face betrays a fault within.
If grave, 'tis spleen; he smiles but to deride;
And downright awkwardness in him is pride.
Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,
Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise;
Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where caress'd, and jealous though secure.
One fatal rock on which good authors split
Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;
And the grand business of the world stand still
To listen to the dictates of their quill.
Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed!
What's born in leisure, men of leisure read;
And half of those have some peculiar whim
Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.
Besides, on parties now our fame depends,
And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends.
Wit, judgment, nature join; you strive in vain;
'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.

Fix'd to one side like Homer's gods we fight,
These always wrong, and those for ever right.
And would you choose to see your friend, resign'd
Each conscious tie which guards the virtuous mind,
Embroil'd in factions, hurl with dreaded skill
The random vengeance of his desperate quill?
'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,
And hide ill-nature under virtue's name?
Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,
Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise?
To vice's grave, or folly's bust, bequeath
The blushing trophy and indignant wreath?
Like Egypt's priests [1], bid endless temples rise,
And people with earth's pests the' offended skies?
The muse of old her native freedom knew,
And wild in air the sportive wanderer flew;
On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,
And found the hero, ere she hymn'd the god.
Nor less the chief his kind support return'd,
No drooping muse her slighted labours mourn'd;
But, stretch'd at ease, she prun'd her growing wings,
By sages honour'd, and rever'd by kings.
Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,
And warlike Latium caught the generous flame.
Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,
'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song;
No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,
No Varus listens while the groves resound,
Ev'n those, the knowing and the virtuous few,
Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue,

[1] ——————'Qui nescit qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat! crocodilon adorat—'
JUV. Sat. xv.

Forget the poet's use; the powerful spell
Of magic verse, which Sidney [2] paints so well.
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame;
That every age has great examples given [heaven.
Of virtue taught in verse, and verse inspir'd by
But I forbear—these dreams no longer last,
The times of fable and of flights are past.
To glory now no laurell'd suppliants bend,
No coins are struck, no sacred domes ascend.
Yet ye, who still the muse's charms admire,
And best deserve the verse your deeds inspire,
Ev'n in these gainful unambitious days,
Feel for yourselves at least, ye fond of praise!
And learn one lesson taught in mystic rhyme,
'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of time.'
Fast to the thread of life [3], annex'd by fame,
A sculptur'd medal bears each human name,
O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,
The glittering medal trembles as they bend;
Close but the sheers, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's tost,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost.
But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream
Consign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize
To where bright fame's eternal altars rise.
'Tis there the muse's friends true laurels wear,
There great Augustus reigns, and triumphs there.
Patrons of arts must live till arts decay,
Sacred to verse in every poet's lay.

[2] Defence of Poesy: by Sir Philip Sidney.
[3] Bacon de Augment. Scientiarum.

Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,
Thus grateful Britain doats on Somers' name.
And, spite of party rage and human flaws,
And British liberty, and British laws,
Times yet to come shall sing of Anna's reign,
And bards, who blame the measures, love the men.
But why round patrons climb the' ambitious bays?
Is interest then the sordid spur to praise?
[3] Shall the same cause which prompts the chattering jay
To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?
And is there nothing in the boasted claim
Of living labours, and a deathless name?
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound?
The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around?
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?
Illustrious all! but sure to merit these
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,
Who pants in secret for his future fate?
Him serious toils and humbler arts engage,
To make youth easy, and provide for age;
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,
And, though from heaven it came, fast dies the sacred fire.
Or grant true genius with superior force
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course;
Yet lives the man, how wild soe'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame!
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,
For all the wreaths that all the Nine bestow?

[4] Persius.

Well pleas'd to shine through each recording page,
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age?
  Ill-fated bard! where'er thy name appears,
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.
Ah! what avail'd the' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene!
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs;
When staid reflection comes uncall'd at last,
And grey experience counts each folly past,
Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,
And loudest Pæans but fatigue the ear.
  'Tis true the man of verse, though born to ills,
Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He shares in every vice with every lord:
Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,
And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit:
Heaven but in justice turns their serious heart
To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his art.
  He, only he, should haunt the muse's grove,
Whom youth might reverence and grey hairs approve;
Whose heaven-taught numbers, now, in thunder [roll'd,
Might rouse the virtuous, and appal the bold;
Now to truth's dictates lend the grace of ease,
And teach instruction happier arts to please.
For him would Plato change their general fate,
And own one poet might improve his state.
  Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
Whose sensual lure the' unconscious ear betrays;
Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her shield,
And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field.

Though specious rhetoric each loose thought refine,
Though music charm in every labour'd line,
The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,
Bavius might blush, and Quarles disdain to own.
Should some Machaon, whose sagacious soul
Trac'd blushing nature to her inmost goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,
Ease the swoll'n breast or close the languid eye;
But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,
And arm with poisons every baleful breeze:
What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand,
The more than Borgia of a bleeding land!
And is less guilty he whose shameless page
Not to the present bounds its subtle rage,
But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future age?
Forgive me, sir, that thus the moral strain,
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;
Nor think I rove regardless of my theme,
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.
Not to themselves alone such bards confine
Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine;
Profan'd by them, the muse's laurels fade,
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd:
And the son's son must feel the father's crime,
A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.
New cares appear, new terrors swell the train,
And must we paint them ere we close the scene!
Say must the muse the' unwilling task pursue,
And, to complete her dangers, mention you?
Yes you, my friend, ev'n you whose kind regard
With partial fondness views this humble bard:

Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah! kindly cease to raise
Unwilling censure by exacting praise.
Just to itself, the jealous world will claim
A right to judge; to give, or cancel fame.
And, if the' officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worst of foes.
[4] Behold the' Athenian sage, whose piercing mind
Had trac'd the wily labyrinths of mankind,
When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
To all those evils man is born to bear.
Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
But nobler hopes on juster motives builds;
Bids ev'n his foes their future steps attend,
And dare to censure, if they dar'd offend.
Would thus the poet trust his offspring forth,
Or bloom'd our Britain with Athenian worth:
Would the brave foe the' imperfect work engage
With honest freedom, not with partial rage;
What just productions might the world surprise!
What other Popes, what other Maros rise!
But since, by foes or friends alike deceiv'd,
Too little those, and these too much believ'd;
Since the same fate pursues by different ways,
Undone by censure, or undone by praise;
Since bards themselves submit to vice's rule,
And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool:
Since, still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
Rise black in air, and only wait the wind:
Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,
Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore;
In sacred silence join the inglorious train,
Where humble peace and sweet contentment reign;
If not thy precepts, thy example own,
And steal through life not useless, though unknown.

[4] Platonis Apologia.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

'L'Amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloitres.'

Contes Moraux, de Marmontel.

MUCH have we heard the peevish world complain
  Of friends neglected, and of friends forgot:
Another's frailties blindly we arraign,
  And blame as partial ills, the common lot:
For what is friendship?—'Tis the sacred tie
  Of souls unbodied, and of love refin'd;
Beyond, Benevolence, thy social sigh,
  Beyond the duties graven on our kind.
And, ah! how seldom, in this vale of tears,
  This frail existence, by ourselves debas'd,
In hopes bewilder'd, or subdued by fears,
  The joys unmix'd of mutual good we taste!
Proclaim, ye reverend sires, whom fate has spar'd
  As life's example, and as virtue's test;
How few, how very few, your hearts have shar'd,
  How much those hearts have pardon'd in the best.
Vain is their claim whom heedless pleasure joins
  In bands of riot, or in leagues of vice;
They meet, they revel, as the day declines,
  But, spectre-like, they shudder at its rise.
For 'tis not friendship, though the raptures run,
  Led by the mad'ning god, through every vein;
Like the warm flower, which drinks the noontide [sun,
  Their bosoms open but to close again.

Yet there are hours of mirth, which friendship loves,
  When prudence sleeps, and wisdom grows more kind,
Sallies of sense, which reason scarce approves,
  When all unguarded glows the naked mind.
But far from those be each profaner eye
  With glance malignant withering fancy's bloom;
Far the vile ear, where whispers never die;
  Far the rank heart, which teems with ills to come.
Full oft, by fortune near each other plac'd,
  Ill-suited souls, nor studious much to please,
Whole fruitless years in awkward union waste,
  Till chance divides, whom chance had join'd with ease;
And yet, should either oddly soar on high,
  And shine distinguish'd in some sphere remov'd,
The friend observes him with a jealous eye,
  And calls ungrateful whom he never lov'd.
But leave we such, for those of happier clay
  On whose emerging stars the graces smile,
And search for truth, where virtue's sacred ray
  Wakes the glad seed in friendship's genuine soil.
In youth's soft season, when the vacant mind
  To each kind impulse of affection yields,
When nature charms, and love of humankind
  With its own brightness every object gilds,
Should two congenial bosoms haply meet,
  Or on the banks of Camus, hoary stream,
Or where smooth Isis glides on silver feet,
  Nurse of the muses each, and each their theme,
How blithe the mutual morning task they ply!
  How sweet the sauntering walk at close of day!
How steal, secluded from the world's broad eye,
  The midnight hours insensibly away!

While glows the social bosom to impart
  Each young idea dawning science lends,
Or big with sorrow beats the' unpractis'd heart
  For suffering virtue, and disastrous friends.
Deep in the volumes of the mighty dead
  They feast on joys to vulgar minds unknown;
The hero's, sage's, patriot's path they tread,
  Adore each worth, and make it half their own.
Sublime and pure as Thebes or Sparta taught,
  Eternal union from their souls they swear;
Each added converse swells the generous thought,
  And each short absence makes it more sincere—
'And can (I hear some eager voice exclaim,
  Whose bliss now blossoms, and whose hopes beat high)
Can virtue's basis fail the' incumbent frame?
  And may such friendships ever ever die?'—
Ah, gentle youth, they may. Nor thou complain
  If chance the sad experience should be thine.
What cannot change where all is light and vain?
  —Ask of the fates who twist life's varying line.
Ambition, vanity, suspense, surmise,
  On the wide world's tempestuous ocean roll;
New loves, new friendships, new desires arise,
  New joys elate, new griefs depress the soul:
Some, in the bustling mart of business, lose
  The still small voice retirement loves to hear;
Some at the noisy bar enlarge their views,
  And some in senates court a people's ear.
While others, led by glory's meteors, run
  To distant wars for laurels stain'd with blood.
Meanwhile the stream of time glides calmly on,
  And ends its silent course in Lethe's flood.

Unhappy only he of friendship's train
  Who never knew what change of fortune meant,
With whom the' ideas of his youth remain
  Too firmly fix'd, and rob him of content.
Condemn'd perhaps to some obscure retreat,
  Where pale reflection wears a sickly bloom,
Still to the past he turns with pilgrim feet,
  And ghosts of pleasure haunt him to his tomb.
O—but I will not name you—ye kind few,
  With whom the morning of my life I pass'd,
May every bliss your generous bosoms knew
  In earlier days, attend you to the last!
I too, alas! am chang'd—And yet there are
  Who still with partial love my friendship own,
Forgive the frailties which they could not share,
  Or find my heart unchang'd to them alone.
To them this votive tablet of the muse
  Pleas'd I suspend.—Nor let the' unfeeling mind
From these loose hints its own vile ways excuse,
  Or start a thought to injure humankind.
Who knows not friendship, knows not bliss sincere:
  Court it, ye young; ye aged, bind it fast;
Earn it, ye proud; nor think the purchase dear,
  Whate'er the labour, if 'tis gain'd at last.
Compar'd with all the' admiring world calls great,
  Fame's loudest blast, ambition's noblest ends,
Ev'n the last pang of social life is sweet:
  The pang which parts us from our weeping friends.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

Once, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
  Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
  Of sunshine, and of dews.

'Twas that sweet season's loveliest prime
When spring gives up the reins of time
  To summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
  Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then beside a green-wood shade,
Which cloth'd a lawn's aspiring head,
  I wove my devious way,
With loitering steps, regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
  So wondrous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
  Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding through the deep-green grass
  A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude
To thee, serenest solitude,

Bursts forth the' unbidden lay;
'Begone, vile world! the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise;
And pity ev'n the gay.

'These, these are joys alone, (I cry)
'Tis here, divine philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here contemplation points the road
Through nature's charms to nature's God!
These, these are joys alone!

'Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleasures, and ye pains!—'
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
No more my bosom move;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel,
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
'Twas reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains:—
'What mean'st thou, man? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains?

'The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene

To contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

'He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe:
Till from dissentions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

'Art thou not man? and darst thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?
Presumptuous thought, and vain!
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

'Shall light, and shade, and warmth, and air,
With those exalted joys compare
Which active virtue feels,
When on she drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and indolence, and vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

'As rest to labour still succeeds,
To man, while virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreshing springs
To soothe him on his way.

'Enthusiast, go, unstring thy lyre:
In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,

How sweet soe'er the strain:
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

'Enthusiast go; try every sense:
If not thy bliss, thy excellence
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan:
At least thy wants, thy weakness know;
And see them all uniting show
That man was made for man!'

THE

YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do:
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,

The muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire!
  Howe'er the youth with forward air
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gathering crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.
  Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along the' indented plain,
The self-same track he marks again;
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
  Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye:
'Alas! unhappy youth, he cried,
Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd):
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense;
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the state.'

TO A GENTLEMAN,

ON HIS PITCHING A TENT IN HIS GARDEN.

Ah! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hostile scenes of imag'd war;
Content still roves the blooming wilds,
And fearless ease attends her there:
Ah! drive not the sweet wanderer from her seat,
Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and silvan scenes,
By nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Romely lost the living greens
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove?
Where through each hallow'd haunt the poet stray'd,
And met the willing muse, and peopled every shade.

But now no bards thy woods among
Shall wait the' inspiring muse's call;
For though to mirth and festal song
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails that all be peace within,
If horrors guard the gate, and scare us from the scene.

'Tis true, of old the patriarch spread
His happier tents which knew not war,
And chang'd at will the trampled mead
For fresher greens and purer air:
But long has man forgot such simple ways;
Truth unsuspecting harm!—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from humankind,
(Thy neighbouring wretch) the child of care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,
But midst the damps and darkness of earth's tomb;
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance
Transport him to thy silvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil askance,
And hide him in his caves again;
While dire presage in every breeze that blows,
Hears shrieks, and clashing arms, and all Germania's woes.

And, doubt not, thy polluted taste
A sudden vengeance shall pursue;
Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, satyr, faun, shall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable Jove.

I see, all arm'd with dews unbless'd,
Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,
Already, from the bleak north-east,
The genius of the wood appear!
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night;

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,
To bid the insect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks, and not invade—
O wherefore then provoke his ire?

Alas! with prayers, with tears, his rage repel,
While yet the reddening shoots with embryo-blossoms swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform
The fairest produce of the year!
Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
'Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain
Their own eternal rights, and nature's injur'd reign.'

TO THE

HON. CHARLES TOWNSEND.

O CHARLES, in absence hear a friend complain,
Who knows thou lov'st him wheresoe'er he goes,
Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the silent year,
How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear?

We are not now beside that osier'd stream,
Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the way;
We do not now of distant ages dream,
And cheat in converse half the lingering day;
No fancied heroes rise at our command,
And no Timoleon weeps, and bleeds no Theban band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'st no want like these,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
Thou still in Granta's shades enjoy'st at ease
The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we shar'd;

Nor see'st without such aids the day decline,
Nor think how much their loss has added weight
to thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendship's and retirement's lot;
To conversation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;
And interest stains, and vanity controls,
The pure unsullied thoughts, and sallies of our souls.

Oh I remember, and with pride repeat,
The rapid progress which our friendship knew!
Even at the first with willing minds we met;
And ere the root was fix'd, the branches grew.
In vain had fortune plac'd her weak barrier:
Clear was thy breast from pride, and mine from
servile fear.

I saw thee generous, and with joy can say
My education rose above my birth, [clay
Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold
Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend
Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call
thee friend.

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
And awkward fondness cares on cares employ,
To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
Possess'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy;
He's only kind who takes the nobler way
To' unbind the springs of thought, and give them
power to play.

His heirs shall bless him, and look down with scorn
On all that titles, birth, or wealth afford;
Lords of themselves, thank Heaven that they were born
Above the sordid miser's glittering hoard,
Above the servile grandeur of a throne;
For they are nature's heirs, and all her works their own.

TO MR. MASON.

BELIEVE me, Mason, 'tis in vain
Thy fortitude the torrent braves;
Thou too must bear the' inglorious chain;
The world, the world will have its slaves.
The chosen friend for converse sweet,
The small, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
Which early fancy loves to form;
When aided by the' ingenuous muse,
She turns the philosophic page,
And sees the wise of every age,
With nature's dictates warm.

But ah! to few has fortune given
The choice, to take or to refuse;
To fewer still indulgent Heaven
Allots the very will to choose.
And why are varying schemes prefer'd?
Man mixes with the common herd:
By custom guided to pursue,
Or wealth, or honours, fame, or ease,

What others wish he wishes too;
Nor from his own peculiar choice,
Till, strengthen'd by the public voice,
His very pleasures please.

How oft, beneath some hoary shade
Where Cam glides indolently slow,
Hast thou, as indolently laid,
Prefer'd to Heaven thy favourite vow:
'Here, here for ever let me stay,
Here calmly loiter life away,
Nor all those vain connections know
Which fetter down the freeborn mind,
The slave of interest, or of show;
While you, gay tenant of the grove,
The happier heir of Nature's love,
Can warble unconfin'd.'

Yet sure, my friend, the' eternal plan
By truth unerring was design'd;
Inferior parts were made for man,
But man himself for all mankind.
Then by the' apparent judge the' unseen;
Behold how rolls this vast machine
To one great end, howe'er withstood,
Directing its impartial course.
All labour for the general good:
Some stem the wave, some till the soil,
By choice the bold, the' ambitious toil,
The indolent by force.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
With many a fear unknown to thee,
Must rove to glean his scanty fare
From field to field, from tree to tree;

His lot united with his kind,
Has all his little joys confin'd;
The lover's and the parent's ties
  Alarm by turns his anxious breast,
Yet, bound by fate, by instinct wise,
He hails with songs the rising morn,
And, pleas'd at evening's cool return,
  He sings himself to rest.

And tell me, has not nature made
  Some stated void for thee to fill;
Some spring, some wheel, which asks thy aid
  To move, regardless of thy will?
Go then, go feel with glad surprise
New bliss from new attentions rise;
Till, happier in thy wider sphere,
  Thou quit thy darling schemes of ease;
Nay, glowing in the full career,
Ev'n wish thy virtuous labours more;
Nor till the toilsome day is o'er
  Expect the night of peace.

TO THE REV. MR. WRIGHT. 1751.

PRITHEE tease me no longer, dear troublesome friend,
  On a subject which wants not advice:
You may make me unhappy, but never can mend
  Those ills I have learnt to despise.

You say 'I'm dependent;' what then?—if I make
  That dependence quite easy to me;
Say why should you envy my lucky mistake,
  Or why should I wish to be free?

'Many men of less worth, (you partially cry)
To splendour and opulence soar.'
Suppose I allow it; yet, pray sir, am I
Less happy because they are more?

But why said I happy? I aim not at that,
Mere ease is my humble request;
I would neither repine at a niggardly fate,
Nor stretch my wings far from my nest.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
On the favourites whom fortune has made,
Regardless of thousands who pine with neglect
In pensive obscurity's shade;

With whom when comparing the merit I boast,
Though rais'd by indulgence to fame;
I sink in confusion bewilder'd and lost,
And wonder I am what I am!

And what are these wonders, these blessings refin'd,
Which splendour and opulence shower?
The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
Are things which are out of their power.

To contentment's calm sunshine, the lot of the few,
Can insolent greatness pretend?
Or can it bestow, what I boast of in you,
That blessing of blessings, a friend?

We may pay some regard to the rich and the great,
But how seldom we love them you know;
Or if we do love them, it is not their state,
The tinsel and plume of the show;

But some secret virtues we find in the heart
When the mask is laid kindly aside,
Which birth cannot give them, nor riches impart,
And which never once heard of their pride.

A flow of good spirits I've seen with a smile
To worth make a shallow pretence; [while,
And the chat of good-breeding with ease, for a
May pass for good nature and sense;

But where is the bosom untainted by art,
The judgment so modest and staid,
That union so rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made?

For those whom the great and the wealthy employ,
Their pleasure or vanity's slaves,
Whate'er they can give, I without them enjoy,
And am rid of just so many knaves.

For the many whom titles alone can allure,
And the blazon of ermine and gules,
I wrap myself round in my lowness secure,
And am rid of just so many fools.

Then why should I covet what cannot increase
My delights, and may lessen their store;
My present condition is quiet and ease,
And what can my future be more?

Should fortune capriciously cease to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty descend,
I doubtless, like others, should clasp her with joy,
And my wants and my wishes extend.

But since 'tis denied me, and Heaven best knows
  Whether kinder to grant it or not;
Say, why should I vainly disturb my repose,
  And peevishly carp at my lot?

No; still let me follow sage Horace's rule,
  Who tried all things, and held fast the best;
Learn daily to put all my passions to school,
  And keep the due poise of my breast.

Thus, firm at the helm, I glide calmly away,
  Like the merchant long us'd to the deep,
Nor trust for my safety on life's stormy sea,
  To the gilding and paint of my ship.

Nor yet can the giants of honour and pelf
  My want of ambition deride;
He who rules his own bosom is lord of himself,
  And lord of all nature beside.

ODE TO THE TIBER.

ON ENTERING THE CAMPANIA OF ROME, AT OTRICOLI, 1755.

Hail sacred stream, whose waters roll
  Immortal through the classic page!
To thee the muse-devoted soul,
  Though destin'd to a later age
And less indulgent clime; to thee,
Nor thou disdain, in Runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
  His grateful homage pays.

Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led the' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
Taught echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
Thy banks?—alas, is this the boasted scene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where sickening nature wears a fainter green,
And desolation spreads her torpid reign?
Is this the scene where freedom breath'd,
Her copious horn where plenty wreath'd,
And health, at opening day,
Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
To wake the sons of industry,
And make their fields more gay?

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
And tremble in thy golden stream?
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
That rush'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
And hail'd the passing car?
Along the solitary road [1],
The' eternal flint by Consuls trod,
We muse, and mark the sad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days!

[1] The Flaminian way.

'For these vile wastes, (we cry) had fate decreed
That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?
Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?'
They did. For this deserted plain
The hero strove, nor strove in vain;
And here the shepherd saw
Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great:
And still, ye first of human things,
Beyond the grasp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
What though the mouldering columns fall,
And strow the desart earth beneath,
Though ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath,
Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
The numerous glories thou hast lost?
Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
Ev'n now the muse, the conscious muse is here;
From every ruin's formidable shade
Eternal music breathes on fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form the' illustrious dead.
Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos, rise
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,

In solemn state advance!
They fix the philosophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The lightning of the lance.

But chief that humbler, happier train,
Who knew those virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, the' historian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory still survives.
Through deep savannahs wild and vast,
Unheard, unknown, through ages past,
Beneath the sun's directer beams,
What copious torrents pour their streams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.
While thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,
Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,
Thy wondrous tale, and cheer the listening waste.
Though from his caves the' unfeeling north
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
Yet still thy laurels bloom:
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream has roll'd through Latian plains,
Has wash'd the walls of Rome.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT OF HAUT VILLERS, IN CHAMPAGNE. 1754.

SILENT and clear, through yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's slow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to the' exulting sun, and fostering gale,
What boundless treasures his rich banks display!

Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,
The lowing herds through living pastures rove;
Wide waving harvests crown the rising space;
And still superior nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the scene,
Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide;
Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side,

To mark that man, as tenant of the whole,
Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,
The boon which Heaven accepts of praise and prayer.

O dire effects of war! the time has been
When desolation vaunted here her reign;
One ravag'd desert was yon beauteous scene,
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work, the toilsome day to cheat,
  The swain still talks of those disastrous times,
When Guise's pride, and Conde's ill-star'd heat,
  Taught Christian zeal to authorize their crimes;

Oft to his children sportive on the grass,
  Does dreadful tales of worn tradition tell,
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass,
  Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war! may ever more
  Through this sweet vale the voice of discord cease!
A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
  Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

Yet say, ye monks, (beneath whose moss-grown seat,
  Within whose cloister'd cells the' indebted muse
A while sojourns, for meditation meet, [sues,)
  And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pur-

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults spare
  Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
  You slight the joys their copious treasures yield?

Avails it aught, that nature's liberal hand
  With every blessing grateful man can know,
Clothes the rich bosom of yon smiling land,
  The mountain's sloping side, or pendant brow.

If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
  If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,
If, midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
  You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast!

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis nature pleads,
  Her ample volume opens on your view:
The simple-minded swain, who running reads,
  Feels the glad truth; and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd! Yon prospects wide
  To reason's ear how forcibly they speak!
Compar'd with those, how dull is letter'd pride!
  And Austin's babbling eloquence how weak!

Temperance, not abstinence, in every bliss
  Is man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command:
The wretch who riots, thanks his God amiss;
  Who starves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
  How smooth his course, how nature smiles around!
But should impetuous torrents swell his tides,
  The fairy landscape sinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor less disastrous, should his thrifty urn
  Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary wastes yon paradise would turn,
  Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren sand.

ELEGY.

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS [1].

TO GEORGE BUSSY, VISCOUNT VILLIERS.

Written at Rome. 1756.

AMID these mouldering walls, this marble round,
Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What though no cypress shades in funeral rows,
No sculptur'd urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
The scene, though chang'd, nor negligently tread;
These variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every floweret's bloom
That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the sages say,
But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
When the free spirit quits its cumbrous clay,
And sees, beneath, the rolling planets pass.

[1] Now a garden belonging to Marchese di Corre.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,
  Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair scion of Apollo's tree,
  The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf—'twere sacrilege to wound
  The' ideal memory of so sweet a shade;
In these sad seats an early grave he found,
  And the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd [2].

Witness [3] thou field of Mars, that oft hadst known
  His youthful triumphs in the mimic war;
Thou heard'st the heartfelt universal groan,
  When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness [4] thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd
  In sportive strugglings with the' opposing wave,
Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd,
  While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon!—yet why lament a fate
  By thousands envied, and by Heaven approv'd?
Rare is the boon to those of longer date
  To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
  And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth;
Our expectations hastily we form,
  And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

[2] He is said to be the first person buried in this monument.

[3] Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
  Campus aget gemitus!

[4] ———— Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
  Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.
  VIRG.

Too oft we satiate on the' applause we pay
  To rising merit, and resume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius snatch'd away,
  Has fall'n lamented, who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain
  The' important burden of an early fame;
Each added day some added worth to gain,
  Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus, with the length of days!
  But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,
The most exalted breath of human praise,
  To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Though thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
  By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd;
'Tis from within alone true fame can rise,
  The only happy is the self-approv'd.

ELEGY.

TO GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT, VISCOUNT NUNEHAM.

Written at Rome. 1756.

Yes, noble youth, 'tis true; the softer arts,
  The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's power,
Have warm'd to rapture ev'n heroic hearts,
  And taught the rude to wonder and adore.

For beauty charms us, whether she appears
  In blended colours; or to soothing sound
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
  In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all she charms; but not alike to all
  'Tis given to revel in her blissful bower;
Coercive ties, and reason's powerful call, [vour.
  Bid some but taste the sweets, which some de-

When nature govern'd, and when man was young,
  Perhaps at will the' untutor'd savage rov'd,
Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung,
  He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.

But since the sage's more sagacious mind, [mand,
  By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's com-
'To polish'd states has social laws assign'd,
  And general good on partial duties plan'd.

Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend
  As heedless chance, or wanton choice ordain;
On various stations various tasks attend,
  And men are born to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman, while the dryads weep,
  And falling forests fear the' uplifted blow;
As chaunts the shepherd, while he tends his sheep,
  Or weaves to pliant forms the osier bough:

To me 'tis given, whom fortune loves to lead
  Through humbler toils to life's sequester'd bowers,
To me 'tis given to wake the' amusive reed,
  And soothe with song the solitary hours.

But thee superior, soberer toils demand,
  Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
  Have given thee honours, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast,
  Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear;
Spurn with disdain the' inglorious love of rest,
  Nor let the syren ease approach thine ear.

Beneath yon cypress shade's eternal green
  See prostrate Rome her wondrous story tell;
Mark how she rose the world's imperial queen,
  And tremble at the prospect how she fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require
  A painful struggling with each adverse gale,
Forbid thee listen to the' enchanting lyre,
  Or turn thy steps from fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brass survives,
  Whate'er of Rome in mouldering arcs remains,
Whate'er of genius on the canvass lives,
  Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,

Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few
  Who dare excel, thy fostering aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
  Exalt; but be thyself what they record.

ELEGY.

TO THE REV. MR. SANDERSON.

Written at Rome. 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small orb [1] confin'd,
The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

Not so his fame; for erst did Heaven ordain,
While seas should waft us, and while suns should warm,
On tongues of men the friend of man should reign,
And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mouldering spoils of age,
His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue;
Oft as my eye revolves the' historic page,
Where pass his generous acts in fair review;

Imagination grasps at mighty things,
Which men, which angels might with rapture see;
Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
And (blush not while I speak it) thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
Which pities while it blames the' unfeeling vain;
With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
That tender suffering for another's pain;

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd—
Did heedless fortune slumber at thy birth,
Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth?

[1] The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
  Now cheers in private the delighted eye;
For calm content and smiling ease are there,
  And Heaven's divinest gift, sweet liberty.

Happy for me, on life's serener flood
  Who sail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
Else had I only shar'd the general good,
  And lost the friend the universe had gain'd.

A CHARGE TO THE POETS. 1762.

'Quasi ex Cathedrâ loquitur.'

FULL twenty years have roll'd, ye rhyming band,
Since first I dipt in ink my trembling hand;
For much it trembled, though the' obliging few,
Who judge with candour, prais'd the sketch [1] I drew;
And echo, answering from the public voice,
Indulg'd as genius, what I fear'd was choice.
  At length, arriv'd at those maturer years
So rarely rais'd by hope, or sunk by fears,
I rest in peace; or scribble if I please:
In point of wealth not affluent, but at ease;
(For ease is truly theirs who dare confine
Their wishes to such moderate views as mine)
In point of what the world and you call fame,
(I judge but by conjecture) much the same.
  But whether right or wrong I judge, to you
It matters not: the following fact is true.

[1] 'The Danger of writing Verse:' to which this poem may be considered as a sequel.

From nobler names, and great in each degree,
The pension'd laurel has devolv'd to me.
To me, ye bards; and what you'll scarce conceive,
Or, at the best, unwillingly believe,
Howe'er unworthily I wear the crown,
Unask'd it came, and from a hand unknown.
Then, since my king and patron have thought fit
To place me on the throne of modern wit,
My grave advice, my brethren, hear at large;
As bishops to their clergy give their charge,
Though many a priest, who listens, might afford
Perhaps more solid counsel to my lord.
To you, ye guardians of the sacred fount,
Deans and archdeacons of the double mount,
That through our realms intestine broils may cease,
My first and last advice is, 'Keep the peace!'
What is't to you, that half the town admire [fire?
False sense, false strength, false softness, or false
Through heaven's void concave let the meteors blaze,
He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
What is't to you, that numbers place your name
First, fifth, or twentieth, in the lists of fame?
Old time will settle all your claims at once,
Record the genius, and forget the dunce.
It boots us much to know, observers say,
Of what materials nature form'd our clay;
From what strange beast Prometheus' plastic art
Purloin'd the particle which rules the heart.
If milky softness gliding through the veins
Incline the muse to panegyric strains,
Insipid lays our kindest friends may lull,
Be very moral, yet be very dull.

If bile prevails, and temper dictates satire,
Our wit is spleen, our virtue is ill-nature;
With its own malice arm'd we combat evil,
As zeal for God's sake sometimes plays the devil.
O mark it well! does pride affect to reign
The solitary tyrant of the brain?
Or vanity exert her quickening flame,
Stuck round with ears that listen after fame?
O to these points let strict regard be given,
Nor [2] 'Know thyself' in vain descend from heaven.
Do critics tease you?—with a smile I speak,
Nor would suppose my brethren were so weak.
'Tis on ourselves, and not our foes or friends,
Our future fame, or infamy, depends.
Let envy point, or malice wing the darts,
They only wound us in our mortal parts.
Besides, 'tis much too late to go to school,
Grown men will judge by nature's noblest rule,
Admire true beauties, and slight faults excuse,
Not learn to dance from journals and reviews [3].
If fools traduce you, and your works decry,
As many fools will rate your worth too high;
Then balance the account, and fairly take
The cool report which men of judgment make.
In writing, as in life, he foils the foe,
Who, conscious of his strength, forgives the blow.
They court the insult who but seem afraid:
And then, by answering, you promote the trade,

[2] 'E cœlo descendit,' γνωθι σεαυτον. JUV.

[3] This is not intended as a reflection on either the Journals or Reviews. They are not the masters, but the scholars, the grown gentlemen, at whom the author smiles; and who, he thinks, had much better not pretend to judge at all, than borrow opinions which never sit easy upon them.

And give them, what their own weak claims deny,
A chance for future laughter, or a sigh.
You, who as yet, unsullied by the press,
Hang o'er your labours in their virgin dress:
And you, who late the public taste have hit,
And still enjoy the honeymoon of wit,
Attentive hear me: grace may still abound,
Whoever preaches, if the doctrine's sound.
If nature prompts you, or if friends persuade,
Why write; but ne'er pursue it as a trade.
And seldom publish: manuscripts disarm
The censor's frown, and boast an added charm;
Enhance their worth by seeming to retire,
For what but few can prate of, all admire.
Who trade in verse, alas! as rarely find
The public grateful, as the muses kind.
From constant feasts like sated guests we steal,
And, tir'd of tickling, lose all power to feel.
'Tis novelty we want; with that in view,
We praise stale matter, so the bard be new;
Or from known bards with ecstasy receive
Each pert new whim they almost blush to give.
A life of writing, unless wondrous short,
No wit can brave, no genius can support.
Some soberer province for your business choose,
Be that your helmet, and your plume the muse.
Through fame's long rubric, down from Chaucer's time,
Few fortunes have been rais'd by lofty rhyme:
And, when our toils success no longer crowns,
What shelter find we from a world in frowns?
O'er each distress, which vice or folly brings,
Though charity extend her healing wings,

No maudlin hospitals are yet assign'd
For slip-shod muses of the vagrant kind:
Where anthems might succeed to satires keen,
And hymns of penitence to songs obscene.
What refuge then remains!—with gracious grin
Some practis'd bookseller invites you in.
Where luckless bards, condemn'd to court the town,
(Not for their parents' vices, but their own!)
Write gay conundrums with an aching head,
Or earn by defamation daily bread.
Or, friendless, shirtless, pennyless, complain
Not of the world's, but 'Cælia's cold disdain.'
Lords of their workhouse, see the tyrants sit,
Brokers in books, and stock-jobbers in wit;
Beneath whose lash, oblig'd to write or fast,
Our confessors and martyrs breathe their last!
And can ye bear such insolence?—away,
For shame; plough, dig, turn pedlars, drive the dray;
With minds indignant each employment suits,
Our fleets want sailors, and our troops recruits;
And many a dirty street, on Thames's side,
Is yet by stool and brush unoccupied.
Time was when poets play'd the thorough game,
Swore, drank, and bluster'd, and blasphem'd for fame:
The first in brothels with their punk and muse;
Your toast, ye bards? 'Parnassus and the stews!'
Thank Heaven the times are chang'd; no poet now
Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.
'Tis our own fault if Fielding's lash we feel,
Or, like French wits, begin with the Bastile.
Ev'n in those days some few escap'd their fate,
By better judgment, or a longer date,

And rode, like buoys triumphant o'er the tide.
Poor Otway in an ale-house dos'd, and died!
While happier Southern, though with spots of yore,
Like Plato's hovering spirits, crusted o'er,
Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
And to our admiration join'd our love.
  Light lie his funeral turf!—for you, who join
His decent manners to his art divine,
Would ye (while, round you, toss the proud and vain
Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain)
Indulge the muse in innocence and ease,
And tread the flowery paths of life in peace?
Avoid all authors—What! the' illustrious few,
Who, shunning fame, have taught her to pursue
Fair virtue's heralds?—yes, I say again,
Avoid all authors till you've read the men.
Full many a peevish, envious, slandering elf,
Is, in his work, benevolence itself:
For all mankind unknown, his bosom heaves,
He only injures those with whom he lives.
Read then the man; does truth his actions guide,
Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride?
To social duties does his heart attend,
As son, as father, husband, brother, friend?
Do those who know him love him? if they do,
You've my permission, you may love him too.
  But chief avoid the boisterous roaring sparks,
The sons of fire!—you'll know them by their marks.
Fond to be heard, they always court a crowd,
And, though 'tis borrow'd nonsense, talk it loud.
One epithet supplies their constant chime,
Damn'd bad, damn'd good, damn'd low, and damn'd sublime!

But most in quick short repartee they shine
Of local humour; or from plays purloin
Each quaint stale scrap which every subject hits,
Till fools almost imagine they are wits.
Hear them on Shakspeare! there they foam, they [rage!
Yet taste not half the beauties of his page,
Nor see that art, as well as nature, strove
To place him foremost in the' Aonian grove.
For there, there only, where the sisters join,
His genius triumphs, and the work's divine.
Or would ye sift more near these sons of fire,
'Tis Garrick, and not Shakspeare, they admire.
Without his breath, inspiring every thought,
They ne'er perhaps had known what Shakspeare [wrote;
Without his eager, his becoming zeal,
To teach them, though they scarce know why, to [feel,
A crude unmeaning mass had Jonson been,
And a dead letter Shakspeare's noblest scene.
O come the time, when diffidence again
Shall bind our youth in nature's modest chain!
Born in a happier age, and happier clime,
Old Sophocles had merit, in his time;
And so, no doubt, howe'er we flout his plays,
Had poor Euripides, in former days.
Not like the moderns, we confess; but yet
Some seeming faults we surely might forget,
Because 'twould puzzle even the wise to show
Whether those faults were real faults, or no.
To all true merit give its just applause,
The worst have beauties, and the best have flaws,
Greek, French, Italian, English, great or small,
I own my frailty, I admire them all.
There are, mistaking prejudice for taste,
Who on one species all their rapture waste.

Though, various as the flowers which paint the year,
In rainbow charms the changeful nine appear,
The different beauties coyly they admit,
And to one standard would confine our wit.
Some manner'd verse delights; while some can raise
To fairy fiction their ecstatic gaze,
Admire pure poetry, and revel there
On sightless forms, and pictures of the air!
Some hate all rhyme; some seriously deplore
That Milton wants that one enchantment more.
Tir'd with the' ambiguous tale, or antique phrase,
O'er Spenser's happiest paintings, loveliest lays,
Some heedless pass; while some with transport view
Each quaint old word, which scarce Eliza knew;
And, eager as the fancied knights, prepare
The lance, and combat in ideal war
Dragons of lust, and giants of despair.

Why be it so; and what each thinks the test,
Let each enjoy; but not condemn the rest.
Readers there are of every class prepar'd:
Each village teems; each hamlet has its bard,
Who gives the tone; and all the' inferior fry,
Like the great vulgar here, will join the cry.
But be it mine with every bard to glow,
And taste his raptures genuine as they flow,
Through all the muse's wilds to rove along
From plaintive elegy to epic song:
And, if the sense be just, the numbers clear,
And the true colouring of the work be there,
Again, subdued by truth's ingenuous call,
I own my frailty, I admire them all.

Nor think I, with the mob, that nature now
No longer warms the soil where laurels grow.

'Tis true, our poets in repose delight,
And, wiser than their fathers, seldom write.
Yet I (but I forbear for prudent ends)
Could name a list, and half of them my friends,
For whom posterity its wreath shall twine,
And its own bards neglect, to honour mine.
Their poets in their turn will grieve, and swear,
Perhaps with truth, no patron lends an ear.
Complaints of times when merit wants reward
Descend like similes, from bard to bard;
We copy our distress from Greece and Rome;
As in our northern lays their flowerets bloom:
We feel their breezes, with their heats we burn,
And plead prescription to rejoice or mourn.
All present times are bad: then cast your eyes
Where fairy scenes of bliss in prospect rise.
As fond enthusiasts o'er the western main
With eager ken prophetical in vain,
See the mix'd multitudes from every land
Grow pure by blending, virtuous by command;
Till, phœnix-like, a new bright world of gold
Springs from the dregs and refuse of the old.
I'm no enthusiast, yet with joy can trace
Some gleams of sunshine for the tuneful race.
If monarchs listen when the muses woo,
Attention wakes, and nations listen too.
The bard grows rapturous, who was dumb before,
And every fresh-plum'd eagle learns to soar!
Friend of the finer arts, when Egypt saw
Her second Ptolemy give science law,
Each genius waken'd from his dead repose,
The column swell'd, the pile majestic rose;
Exact proportion borrow'd strength from ease,
And use was taught by elegance to please.

Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,
The sculpture soften'd, and the picture glow'd,
Heroes reviv'd in animated stone,
The groves grew vocal, and the Pleïads [4] shone!
Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wondering cried,
'Long live the king! my patron, and my pride!
Secure of endless praise, behold, I bear
My grateful suffrage to my sovereign's ear.
Though war shall rage, though time shall level all,
Yon colours sicken, and yon columns fall,
Though art's dear treasures feed the wasting flame,
And the proud volume sinks, an empty name;
Though plenty may desert this copious vale,
My streams be scatter'd, or my fountain fail,
Yet Ptolemy has liv'd; the world has known
A king of arts, a patron on a throne.
Ev'n utmost Britain shall his name adore,
'And Nile be sung, when Nile shall flow no more [5].'
One rule remains. Nor shun nor court the great,
Your truest centre is that middle state
From whence with ease the' observing eye may go
To all which soars above, or sinks below.
'Tis yours all manners to have tried, or known,
To' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own: [hurl'd,
To stem the tide, where thoughtless crowds are
The firm spectators of a bustling world!
Thus arm'd, proceed; the breezes court your [wing.
Go range all Helicon, taste every spring;
From varying nature cull the' innoxious spoil,
And, while amusement soothes the generous toil,

[4] The seven poets patronised by Ptolemy Philadelphus, are usually called by the name of that constellation.

[5] 'And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow.'
ADDISON.

Let puzzled critics with judicious spite
Descant on what you can or cannot write.
True to yourselves, not anxious for renown,
Nor court the world's applause, nor dread its frown.
Guard your own breasts, and be the bulwark there
To know no envy, and no malice fear.
At least you'll find, thus stoic-like prepar'd,
That verse and virtue are their own reward.

VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

'Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.'
MAR.

I can't live with you, or without you.

A GENTLE maid, of rural breeding,
By nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning sun beheld her rove
A nymph or goddess of the grove!
At eve she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun!
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read; and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.

These much she read; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To show how shrewd observers are)
Though plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh and fresh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.
The world, no doubt, was well enough
To smooth the manners of the rough;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsell'd slaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the truest taste
She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
'On every thorn instruction grows.'
'Not that she wish'd to 'be alone,'
As some affected prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We should 'increase and multiply;'
And therefore, if kind fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want;
A cottage with the man she lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
In some delightful solitude
Where step profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
And virtuous Cupids hover round.
Not such as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses)
But simpering, mild, and innocent
As angels on a monument.

Fate heard her prayer; a lover came,
Who felt, like her, the' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flowery paths of poesy:
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could every line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains,
'The lover's hopes, the lover's pains.'
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long;
With him she saunter'd half the day:
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
'Consider, sir, we're near relations—'
'I hope so in our inclinations.—'
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent:
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;
And every matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.
O halcyon days! 'twas nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And every zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on the' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.
'Twas transport not to be exprest;
'Twas paradise!—but mark the rest.
Two smiling springs had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,

(Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were chang'd; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon with all the starry reign
Were melancholy's silent train:
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candlelight.
  Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful favourite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit, and Telemachus)
Amus'd their steps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a smile.
The kitten too was comical,
She play'd so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
  A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
  A new recruit, a dear delight!

Made many a heavy hour go down,
  At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly, and so clever!
  Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit:
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store:
—'And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side.'—
'Enough, (he cries) the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flowers below
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brush'd us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together'
  Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.

But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.
The rosy morn had rais'd her head
From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
And embryo sunbeams from the east,
Half chok'd, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise,
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postilion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)
Look'd round; and with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a separate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.
Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects every moment rise.
Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pondrous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occur'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash through thick and thin,
The hair-breadth 'scapes, the bustling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the 'squire and lady)
Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and please.
Now nearer town and all agog,
They know dear London by its fog,

Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dangerous heath behind,
Through Brentford win a passage free
By roaring, Wilkes and liberty!
At Knightsbridge bless the shortening way,
(Where Bayes's troops in ambush lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace its side)
Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze,
Concludes the journey of three days.
  Why should we paint, in tedious song,
How every day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Through Lud's vast town: or, as they pass'd
Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too.
  Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those—
Who built as high, as widely spread
The' enormous loads that cloth'd their head.
For British dames new follies love,
And if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tower, awry.
Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
And corn and grass, and shepherds' bow'rs,
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendant groves of Babylon,
Till nodding from the topmost wall
Otranto's plumes envelope all!

While the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,
Unconscious that their tails perfume,
In scented curls, the drawing-room.
  When night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To every public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *passe par tout* through every vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign.
  O London! thou prolific source,
Parent of vice, and folly's nurse;
Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births—and all with stings:
But happiest far the he, or she,
  I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contriv'd the coterie,
  To crush domestic bliss at once.
Then grin'd, no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
  Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With reverence, though in numbers weak;
Thy beauties satire's frown beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taste defied,
They could not spoil thee, though they tried.
  Ah, pity that time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!

Let architects of humbler name
On frail materials build their fame,
Their noblest works the world might want,
Wyat should build in adamant.
  But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the powers of song?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue;
(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task. Our humbler muse,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And blushing to her shades retires.
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy sneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
  Suffice it, that by just degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease,
(For beauty wins its way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd).
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality;
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of Nonchalance.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken lu.

Advanc'd to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Devis'd new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reign'd supreme.
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so divinely life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A-tête-à-tête across the fire;
Look'd in each other's face a-while,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;
So sallow was his leathern cheek,
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis said:
Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst.——'Tis time, (he cries)
When tir'd of folly, to be wise.
Are you too tir'd?'—then check'd a groan:
She wept consent, and he went on.
'How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife.
Not ev'n satiety could tame,
Nor dissipation quench the flame.
'True to the bias of our kind
'Tis happiness we wish to find.

In rural scenes retir'd we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught.
Though bless'd with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languish'd to declare.
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen?
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
'We left the lonesome place; and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feather'd tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
(Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough):
We sported freely with the rest;
And, still returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatter'd o'er
The trifles of the day before.
'Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immers'd in all the world calls joy:
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour, and magnificence.
Our company, the' exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
We live, my dear, too much asunder.'

The moral of my tale is this;
Variety's the soul of bliss!
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandring play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return, and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end:
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

TO HER GRACE THE

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBURY[1].

SAY, shall a bard in these late times
Dare to address his trivial rhymes
To her, whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,
And every bard who breath'd a lay

[1] The Duchess was of a great age when this compliment was paid to her; which was singularly well adapted, as her Grace never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.

Of happier vein, was fond to choose
The patroness of every muse?
  Say, can he hope that you, the theme
Of partial Swift's severe esteem,
You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,
Ev'n with indulgence should receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve?
  He will: and boldly say in print,
That 'twas your Grace who gave the hint;
Who told him, that the present scene
  Of dress, and each preposterous fashion,
Flow'd from supineness in the men,
  And not from female inclination;
That women were oblig'd to try
All stratagems to catch the eye,
And many a wild vagary play,
To gain attention any way.
'Twas merely cunning in the fair.—
This may be true—But have a care;
Your Grace will contradict, in part,
  Your own assertion, and my song,
Whose beauty, undisguis'd by art,
  Has charm'd so much, and charm'd so long.

VENUS ATTIRING THE GRACES.

———'In naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely.' MILTON.

As Venus one day, at her toilet affairs,
With the Graces attending, adjusted her airs
In a negligent way, without boddice or hoop,
As Guido [1] has painted the beautiful group,
(For Guido, no doubt, in idea at least,
Had seen all the Graces and Venus undrest),
Half pensive, half smiling, the goddess of beauty
Look'd round on the girls, as they toil'd in their duty:
And 'surely, (she cried) you have strangely mis-
carried, [married.
That not one of the three should have ever been
Let me nicely examine—Fair foreheads, straight
noses,
And cheeks that might rival Aurora's own roses;
Lips; teeth; and what eyes! that can languish or roll,
To enliven or soften the elegant whole.
The sweet auburn tresses, that shade what they deck;
The shoulders, that fall from the delicate neck;
The polish'd round arm, which my statues might own,
And the lovely contour which descends from the
Then how it should happen I cannot divine: [zone.
Either you are too coy, or the gods too supine.
I believe 'tis the latter; for every soft bosom
Must have its attachments, and wish to disclose 'em.

[1] The celebrated picture of Venus attired by the Graces.

Some lovers not beauty, but novelty, warms,
They have seen you so often, they're tir'd of your charms.
But I'll find out a method their languor to move,
And at least make them stare, if I can't make them love.
Come here, you two girls, that look full in my face[2],
And you that so often are turning your back,
Put on these cork rumps, and then tighten your stays
Till your hips, and your ribs, and the strings themselves crack.
Can ye speak? can ye breathe?—Not a word—Then 'twill do:
You have often dress'd me, and for once I'll dress you.
Don't let your curls fall with that natural bend,
But stretch them up tight, till each hair stands an end.
One, two, nay three cushions, like Cybele's tow'rs;
Then a few ells of gauze, and some baskets of flow'rs.
These bottles of nectar will serve for perfumes;
Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their plumes.
If that's not enough, you may strip all the fowls,
My doves, Juno's peacocks, and Pallas's owls.
And stay, from Jove's eagle, if napping you take him,
You may snatch a few quills—but be sure you don't wake him.
'Hold! what are ye doing! I vow and protest,
If I don't watch you closely, you'll spoil the whole jest.
What I have disorder'd, you still set to rights,
And seem half unwilling to make yourselves frights;
What I am concealing, you want to display;
But it sha'n't serve the turn, for I will have my way.

[2] Alluding to the usual representation of the Graces.

Those crimp'd colet'montés don't reach to your chins,
And the heels of your slippers are broader than pins.
You can stand, you can walk, like the girls in the
street;
Those buckles won't do, they scarce cover your feet.
Here, run to the Cyclops, you boys without wings,
And bring up their boxes of contraband things.—

* * * *

'Well, now you're bedizen'd, I'll swear, as ye pass,
I can scarcely help laughing—Don't look in the glass.
Those tittering boys shall be whipt if they tease you;
So come away, girls!—From your torments to ease
you,
We'll haste to Olympus, and get the thing over;
I have not the least doubt but you'll each find a
lover:
And if it succeeds, with a torrent of mirth
We'll pester their godships again and again.
Then send the receipt to the ladies on earth,
And bid them become monsters, till men become
men.'

THE JE NE SCAI QUOI.

A SONG.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Cælia has undone me;
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
  There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
  Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give the' alarm—
  'Twas both perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
  Of Cælia all together.

IN A HERMITAGE,

AT MIDDLETON PARK, OXFORDSHIRE.

THE man whose days of youth and ease
  In nature's calm enjoyment's pass'd,
Will want no monitors like these[1],
  To torture and alarm his last.

The gloomy grot, the cypress shade,
  The zealot's list of rigid rules,
To him are merely dull parade,
  The tragic pageantry of fools.

What life affords he freely tastes,
  When nature calls, resigns his breath;
Nor age in weak repining wastes,
  Nor acts alive the farce of death.

Not so the youths of folly's train,
  Impatient of each kind restraint
Which parent-nature fix'd, in vain,
  To teach us man's true bliss, content.

[1] A skull, hour-glass, &c.

For something still beyond enough
  With eager impotence they strive,
Till appetite has learn'd to loathe
  The very joys by which we live.

Then, fill'd with all which sour disdain
  To disappointed vice can add,
Tir'd of himself, man flies from man,
  And hates the world he made so bad.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TREE [1],

ON THE TERRACE AT NUNEHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

THIS tree was planted by a female hand,
  In the gay dawn of rustic beauty's glow;
And fast beside it did her cottage stand,
  When age had cloth'd the matron's head with snow.
To her, long us'd to nature's simple ways,
  This single spot was happiness complete;
Her tree could shield her from the noon-tide blaze,
  And from the tempest screen her little seat.
Here with her Collin oft the faithful maid
  Had led the dance, the envious youths among:
Here, when his aged bones in earth were laid,
  The patient matron turn'd her wheel, and sung.

[1] This tree is well known to the country people by the name of Bab's Tree. It was planted by one Barbara Wyat, who was so much attached to it, that, on the removal of the village of Nuneham, to where it is now built, she earnestly entreated that she might still remain in her old habitation. Her request was complied with, and her cottage not pulled down till after her death.

She felt her loss; yet felt it as she ought,
  Nor dar'd 'gainst nature's general law exclaim;
But check'd her tears, and to her children taught
  That well-known truth, 'Their lot would be the same.'
Though Thames before her flow'd, his further shores
  She ne'er explor'd; contented with her own:
And distant Oxford, though she saw its towers,
  To her ambition was a world unknown.
Did dreadful tales the clowns from market bear
  Of kings and tumults, and the courtier train,
She coldly listen'd with unheeding ear, [reign.
  And good queen Anne, for aught she car'd, might
The sun her day, the seasons mark'd her year,
  She toil'd, she slept; from care, from envy free;
For what had she to hope, or what to fear,
  Bless'd with her cottage, and her favourite tree.
Hear this, ye great, whose proud possessions spread
  O'er earth's rich surface, to no space confin'd;
Ye learn'd in arts, in men, in manners read,
  Who boast as wide an empire o'er the mind.
With reverence visit her august domain;
  To her unletter'd memory bow the knee:
She found that happiness you seek in vain,
  Bless'd with a cottage, and a single tree.

THE

BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN[1].

MORNING rose; the issuing sun
Saw the dreadful fight begun;
And that sun's descending ray
Clos'd the battle, clos'd the day.
Fflamdwyn pour'd his rapid bands,
Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.
The numerous host, from side to side,
Spread destruction wild and wide,
From Argoed's[2] summits, forest-crown'd,
To steep Arfyndd's[3] utmost bound.
Short their triumph, short their sway,
Born and ended with the day!
Flush'd with conquest, Fflamdwyn said,
Boastful at his army's head,
'Strive not to oppose the stream,
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem;

[1] This is a translation of a poem of Taliessin, king of the bards, and is a description of the battle of Argoed Llwyfain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a King of North Britain, and Urien Reged, King of Cambria, against Fflamdwyn, a Saxon general, supposed to be Ida, King of Northumberland. It is inserted in Jones's Historical Account of the Welsh Bards, published in 1784.

This is the last of the great battles of Urien Reged, celebrated by Taliessin, in poems now extant. *See Carte's History of England*, p. 211 and 213.

[2] A part of Cambria, the country of Prince Llywarch Hen, from whence he was drove by the Saxons.

[3] Some place on the borders of Northumberland.

Give me pledges,' Fflamdywn cried.
' Never,' Urien's son replied.
Owen [4], of the mighty stroke,
Kindling, as the hero spoke,
Cenau [5], Coel's blooming heir,
Caught the flame, and grasp'd the spear:
' Shall Coel's issue pledges give
To the insulting foe, and live!
Never such be Briton's shame,
Never, till this maugled frame
Like some vanquish'd lion lie,
Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die.'
Day advanc'd: and ere the sun
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,
Urien came with fresh supplies.
' Rise, ye sons of Cambria, rise!
Spread your banners to the foe,
Spread them on the mountain's brow:
Lift your lances high in air,
Friends and brothers of the war;
Rush like torrents down the steep,
Through the vales in myriads sweep;
Fflamdwyn never can sustain
The force of our united train.'
Havoc, havoc rag'd around,
Many a carcase strew'd the ground:
Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood;

[4] Owen ap Urien acted as his father's general.

[5] Cenau led to the assistance of Urien Reged, the forces of his father Coel Godhebog, king of a northern tract called Godden, probably inhabited by the Godini of Ptolemy. Owen ap Urien and Cenau ap Coel, were in the number of Arthur's knights. *See Lewis's History of Britain*, p. 201.

Frighted crowds from place to place,
  Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale,
Spread the news of their disgrace,
  Trembling as they told the tale.
  These are Taliessin's rhymes,
These shall live to distant times,
And the bard's prophetic rage
Animate a future age.
  Child of sorrow, child of pain,
Never may I smile again,
If till all-subduing death
Close these eyes, and stop this breath,
Ever I forget to raise
My grateful songs to Urien's praise!

ODE

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1773.

WRAPT in the stole of sable grain,
With storms and tempests in his train,
Which howl the naked woods among,
Winter claims the solemn song.
Hark, 'tis nature's last farewell;
Every blast is nature's knell!

Yet shall glooms oppress the mind,
  So oft by sage experience taught
To feel its present views confin'd,
And to the future point the' aspiring thought?
  All that fades again shall live,
  Nature dies but to revive.

Yon sun who sails in southern skies,
  And faintly gilds the' horizon's bound,
Shall northward still, and northward rise,
  With beams of warmth and splendour crown'd;
Shall wake the slumbering, buried grain
  From the cold earth's relenting breast,
And Britain's isle shall bloom again
  In all its wonted verdure dress'd.

Britain, to whom kind Heaven's indulgent care
  Has fix'd in temperate climes its stated goal;
Far from the burning zone's inclement air,
  Far from the' eternal frosts which bind the pole.
Here dewy Spring exerts his genial powers;
  Here Summer glows salubrious, not severe;
Here copious Autumn spreads his golden stores,
  And Winter strengthens the returning year.

O with each blessing may it rise,
  Which Heaven can give, or mortals bear!
May each wing'd moment as it flies,
  Improve a joy, or ease a care;
Till Britain's grateful heart astonish'd bends
To that Almighty Power from whom all good descends.

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY, JUNE 4, 1781.

Still does the rage of war prevail,
  Still thirsts for blood the' insatiate spear?
Waft not, ye winds, the' invidious tale,
  Nor let the' untutor'd nations hear,

That passion baffles reason's boasted reign,
And half the peopled world is civilized in vain.
What are morals, what are laws,
What religion's sacred name?
Nor morals soften, nor religion awes;
Pure though the precepts flow, the actions are the same.
Revenge, and pride, and deadly hate,
And avarice tainting deep the mind,
With all the fury-fiends that wait,
As torturing plagues, on humankind;
When shown in their own native light,
In truth's clear mirror heavenly bright,
Like real monsters rise;
But let illusion's powerful wand
Transform, arrange, the hideous band,
They cheat us in disguise;
We dress their horrid forms in borrow'd rays,
Then call them glory, and pursue the blaze.

O blind to nature's social plan,
And Heaven's indulgent end!
Her kinder laws knit man to man,
As brother and as friend.
Nature, intent alone to bless,
Bids strife and discord cease;
'Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.'
Ev'n this auspicious day would wear
A brighter face of joy serene;
And not one ruffling gale of care
Disturb the halcyon scene;
On lighter wings would zephyr move,
The sun with added lustre shine,

Did peace, descending from above,
Here fix her earthly shrine;
Here to the monarch's fondest prayer
A just attention yield,
And let him change the sword of war
For her protecting shield.

ODE

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1782.

O WONDROUS power of inborn worth,
When danger calls its spirit forth,
And strong necessity compels
The secret springs to burst their narrow cells!
Though foes unnumber'd gird her round,
Though not one friend is faithful found,
Though impious scorn derides,
Yet still unmov'd amidst the band,
Like her own rocks, does Britain stand,
And braves the' insulting tides.
A world in arms assaults her reign,
A world in arms assaults in vain.

'Tis Britain calls, ye nations, hear!
Unbrace the corselet, drop the spear,
No more the' insidious toil pursue,
Nor strive to weaken what you can't subdue.
'Tis Britain calls: with fatal speed
You urge, by headlong fury led,
Your own impending fate.
Too late you'll weep, too late you'll find,
'Twas for the glory of mankind,
That Britain should be great.

In Britain's voice, 'tis freedom calls,
For freedom dies, if Britain falls.

She cannot fall; the same Almighty hand
That rais'd her white rocks from the main,
Does still her arduous cause maintain,
Still grasps the shield that guards her favour'd land.
Obedient to his word,
Not to destroy, but to reclaim,
The' avenging angel waves the flaming sword:
Revere his awful name!
Repentant in the dust,
Confess his judgments just;
The' avenging sword shall cease to wave,
And whom his mercy spares, his power shall save.

ODE

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1784.

ENOUGH of arms—to happier ends
Her forward view Britannia bends;
The generous hosts, who grasp'd the sword,
Obedient to her awful word,
Though martial glory cease,
Shall now, with equal industry,
Like Rome's brave sons, when Rome was free,
Resume the arts of peace.

O come, ye toil-worn wanderers, come
To genial hearths, and social home,
The tender housewife's busy care;
The board with temperate plenty crown'd;
The smiling progeny around,
That listen to the tale of war.

Yet be not war the favourite theme,
For what has war with bliss to do?
Teach them more justly far to deem,
And own experience taught it you.

Teach them, 'tis in the will of fate,
Their frugal industry alone
Can make their country truly great,
And in her bliss secure their own.

Be all the songs that soothe their toil,
And bid the brow of labour smile,
When through the loom the shuttle glides,
Or shining share the glebe divides,
Or, bending to the woodman's stroke,
To waft her commerce, falls the British oak—
Be all their songs, that soften these,
Of calm content and future well-earn'd ease;
Nor dread, lest inborn spirit die:
One glorious lesson, early taught,
Will all the boasted powers supply
Of practis'd rules and studied thought.
From the first dawn of reason's ray
On the young bosom's yielding clay,
Strong be their country's love impress'd,
And with your own example fire their breast:
Tell them, 'tis theirs to grasp the sword
When Britain gives the awful word;
To bleed, to die, in Britain's cause;
And guard, from faction nobly free,
Their birth-right blessing, liberty,
True liberty, that loves the laws.

INSCRIPTION

IN THE GARDEN AT NUNEHAM, IN OXFORDSHIRE.

To the Memory of Walter Clark, Florist, who died suddenly near this spot, 1784.

On him whose very soul was here,
  Whose duteous, careful, constant toil
Has varied with the varying year,
  To make the gay profusion smile;
Whose harmless life in silent flow
  Within these circling shades has past,
What happier death could Heaven bestow,
  Than in these shades to breathe his last?

'Twas here he fell: not far remov'd
  Has earth receiv'd him in her breast;
Still far beside the scenes he lov'd,
  In holy ground his relics rest.
Each clambering woodbine, flaunting rose,
  Which round yon bow'r he taught to wave,
With ev'ry fragrant brier that blows,
  Shall lend a wreath to bind his grave.

Each village matron, village maid,
  Shall with chaste fingers chaplets tie:
Due honours to the rural dead,
  And emblems of mortality.
Each village swain that passes by,
  A sigh shall to his memory give;
For sure his death demands a sigh,
  Whose life instructs them how to live.

If spirits walk, as fabling age
  Relates to childhood's wond'ring ear,
Full oft does fancy dare presage,
  Shall Walter's faithful shade be here;
Athwart yon glade, at night's pale noon,
  Full oft shall glide with busy feet,
And by the glimmering of the moon
  Revisit each belov'd retreat:

Perhaps the tasks on earth he knew,
  Resume, correct the gadding spray,
Brush from the plants the sickly dew,
  Or chase the noxious worm away.
The bursting buds shall gladlier grow,
  No midnight blasts the flowers shall fear;
And many a fair effect shall show
  At noon that Walter has been here.

Nay, every morn, in times to come,
  If quainter ringlets curl the shade,
If richer breezes breathe perfume,
  If softer swell the verdant glade;
If neatness charm a thousand ways,
  Till nature almost art appear,
Tradition's constant fav'rite theme,
  Shall be—Poor Walter has been here.

VERSES TO HIS MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Ere yet to Heaven my infant thought could reach,
Ere praise its Maker by the powers of speech,
Taught by thy care, by thy example mov'd,
I rais'd my waking eyes, ador'd and lov'd.
For life, and this my more than life, receive
That poor return which I with blushes give;
For, ah! the trifling tribute of a lay
Is all my humble gratitude can pay!
Hear then my fervent wish, though cloth'd in song,
(Ye powers confirm it, ere it quit my tongue!)
From this bless'd day may fate propitious shine;
Each earthly bliss that Heaven calls good, be thine.
May adverse clouds like empty mists decay,
And time declining, shed a purer ray,
To gild the evening of thy well-spent day.
And when (yet ne'er let that sad hour appear,
While my poor breast draws in this vital air)
Thy fainting frame sinks on the bed of death,
May no sharp pangs attend thy fleeting breath;
No care on care like restless billows roll,
To break the calm of thy departing soul.
Full in thy sight let choirs of angels spread
Their radiant plumes, and hover round thy head;
Then one soft sigh thy issuing soul convey,
While thy great loss and mine points out the way[1]
To scenes of bliss, and realms of endless day.

[1] This line probably alludes to the recent loss of his father.

SELECT POEMS

OF

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

(IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.)

No more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage
With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;
At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age
And willing muse their first devotion paid.
Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade:
Far from my soul abjur'd and banish'd fly,
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more high.

O love! coëval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore;
At whose celestial voice and powerful nod
Old discord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar;
Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before,
But in the plan of the eternal mind,
When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work design'd.

Thou fill'dst the waste of ocean, earth, and air,
With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly:
From rolling worlds descends thy generous care,
To insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye:
For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,

To bless, and to be bless'd, their noblest end:
To which, with speedy course, they all unerring tend.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
Next man, thy darling, into being rose.
Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
Which neither end nor interruption knows,
Till evil, couch'd in fraud, began his woes:
Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd,
And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,
God's darling offspring left his seat on high;
And heaven, and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd
Their wounded Sovereign groan, and bleed, and die.
By thee, in triumph to his native sky,
On angels' wings, the victor God aspir'd,
Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming love!
One endless hymn united nature sings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O Love! my voice to emulate the sound.

It comes! It comes! I feel internal day;
Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows;
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Through all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,

Oh! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalted
strain.

TO BENEVOLENCE.

HAIL! source of transport ever new;
Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which still thy hand sustains:
By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sunbeam flies,
Through peopled earth and starry skies,
All nature owns thy nod:
We see thy energy prevail
Through being's ever-rising scale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues and ever-burning smart,
Thy charms divine expel:
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the generous breast,
In blessing others only bless'd,
With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Through every action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,
My faintest wishes sway;
By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,
In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,
And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow:
Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeless woe!

PSALM CXXXIX. IMITATED.

Me, O my God! thy piercing eye,
In motion, or at rest, surveys;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
Or travel through frequented ways;

Where'er I move, thy boundless reign,
Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
  Whose view pervades my inmost heart!
The latent, kindling, young desire,
  The word, ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms display,
And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
  Or forward bend my wandering sight,
Whatever objects round me rise
  Through the wide fields of air and light;
With thee impress'd, each various frame
The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

Father of all, omniscient mind,
  Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
  Or to its lowest depths descend?
That wisdom, which, ere things began,
Saw full express'd the' all-comprehending plan!

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
  Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
  Shall hide me from thy distant view?
Where from thy spirit shall I fly,
Diffusive, vital, felt through earth and sky!

If up to heaven's ethereal height,
  Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there, severely bright,
  Thy presence shall my sight surprise:

There, beaming from their source divine,
In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
  If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,
I call on night's impervious shade
  To spread essential blackness round;
Conspicuous to thy wide survey,
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God! my wondering soul,
  Thee, all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
  Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore:
Alike illum'd by native light,
Amid the sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If through the fields of ether borne,
  The living winds my flight sustain;
If on the rosy wings of morn,
  I seek the distant western main;
There, O my God! thou still art found,
Thy power upholds me, and thy arms surround.

Thy essence fills this breathing frame,
  It glows in every conscious part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
  And feeds with life my beating heart!
Unfelt, along my veins it glides,
And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

While in the silent womb enclos'd,
  A growing embryo yet I lay,
Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,
  Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray;

Till, finish'd by thy wondrous plan,
I rose the dread, majestic form of man.

To thee, from whom my being came,
  Whose smile is all the heaven I know,
Replete with all my wondrous theme,
  To thee my votive strains shall flow:
Great Archetype! who first design'd,
Expressive of thy glory, humankind.

Who can the stars of heaven explore,
  The flowers that deck the verdant plain,
The' unnumber'd sands that form the shore,
  The drops that swell the spacious main?
Let him thy wonders publish round,
Till earth and heaven's eternal throne resound.

As subterraneous flames confin'd,
  From earth's dark womb impetuous rise,
The conflagration, fan'd by wind,
  Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies:
In lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,
Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,
  Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire;
At whose approach my kindling soul
  Awakes to unextinguish'd ire:
Fly; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
You, who in scorn pronounce the' Almighty's name

The wretch who dares thy power defy,
  And on thy vengeance loudly call,
On him not pity's melting eye,
  Nor partial favour, e'er shall fall

Still shall thy foes be mine, still share
Unpitied torture, and unmix'd despair.

Behold, O God! behold me stand,
And to thy strict regard disclose
Whate'er was acted by my hand,
Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose;
If Vice indulg'd their candour stain,
Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
To strong temptations oft give way;
If doubt, or passion, oft prevail
O'er wandering reason's feeble ray;
Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
But guide thy creature with a father's love!

THE WISH SATISFIED.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Too long, my soul! thou'rt toss'd below,
From hope to hope, from fear to fear:
How great, how lasting every woe!
Each joy how short, how insincere!

Turn around thy searching eyes
Through all the bright varieties;
And, with exactest care,
Select from all the shining crowd,
Some lasting joy, some sovereign good,
And fix thy wishes there.

With toil amass a mighty store
Of glowing stones, or yellow ore;

Plant the fields with golden grain,
Crowd with lowing herds the plain,
Bid the marble domes ascend,
Bid the pleasant view extend,
Streams, and groves, and woods appear,
And spring and autumn fill the year:
Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere;
Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more.

On roses now reclin'd,
  I languish into rest;
No vacuum in my mind,
  No craving wish unbless'd:
But ah! in vain,
Some absent joy still gives me pain,
  By toys elated, or by toys depress'd.

What melting joy can soothe my grief?
What balmy pleasure yield my soul relief?
'Tis found; the bliss already warms,
Sunk in love's persuasive arms,
  Enjoying and enjoy'd:
To taste variety of charms
  Be every happy hour employ'd.

As the speedy moments roll,
  Let some new joy conspire;
Hebe, fill the rosy bowl;
  Orpheus, tune the lyre;
To new-born rapture wake the soul,
  And kindle young desire:
While, a beauteous choir around,
Tuneful virgins join the sound,
Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,
Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs:

Through melting error let their voices rove,
And trace the' inchanting maze of harmony and
love.

Still, still insatiate of delight,
My wishes open, as my joys increase:
What now shall stop their restless flight,
And yield them kind redress?
For something still unknown I sigh,
Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, or eye:
Whence shall I seek, or how pursue
The phantom, that eludes my view,
And cheats my fond embrace.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,
By sense and passion blindly led,
I chas'd the Syren through the flowery maze,
And courted death ten thousand ways:
Kind Heaven beheld, with pitying eyes,
My restless toil, my fruitless sighs;
And, from the realms of endless day,
A bright immortal wing'd his way;
Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,
And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

'Fond man, (he cried) thy fruitless search forbear;
Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,
A certain happiness to find,
Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind:
In God, in perfect good alone,
The anxious soul can find repose;
Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,
One hour of full enjoyment owes;

He, only he, can fill each wide desire,
  Who to each wish its being gave;
Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,
Not all which angels in the skies admire,
  But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to crave.
Him then pursue, without delay;
He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way.'
Then to the winds, his radiant plumes he spread,
And from my wondering eyes, more swift than lightning fled.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

The morning dawns, the evening shades,
  Fair nature's various face disguise;
No scene to rest my heart persuades,
  No moment frees from tears my eyes:
Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;
Each former object of delight,
Beyond redemption, wings its flight!
And, where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,
  Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

O Happiness! immortal fair,
  Where does thy subtile essence dwell?
Dost thou relax the hermit's care,
  Companion in the lonely cell?
Or, dost thou on the sunny plain
Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?
Or, scornful of each low retreat,
On fortune's favour dost thou wait;
And in the gilded chambers of the great,
  Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell!

Ah, me! the hermit's cell explore;
  Thy absence he, like me, complains;
While murmuring streams along the shore
  Echo the lovesick shepherd's strains:
Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
Deign'st thou, O goddess! to retire:
Though there the loves and graces play,
Though wine and music court thy stay:
Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,
  Or say what place thy heavenly form contains?

If to mankind I turn my view,
  Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;
Rapine and blood [1] mankind pursue,
  As God had form'd them to destroy.
Discord, at whose tremendous view
Hell quakes with horror ever new,
No more by endless night depress'd,
Pours all her venom through each breast;
And, while deep groans and carnage are increas'd,
  Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,
  To my dejected soul I said;
See, to the shade Euanthe flies,
  Go, find Euanthe in the shade:
Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,
Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;
There shall no wants thy steps pursue,
No wakeful care contract thy brow;
Music each sound, and beauty every view,
  Shall every sense with full delight invade.

[1] This Ode was written in the year 1743.

Exulting in the charming thought,
  Thither with hasty steps I press;
And while the' enchanting maid I sought,
  Thank'd Heaven for all my past distress:
Increasing hopes my journey cheer'd,
And now in reach the bliss appear'd;
'Grant this sole boon, O fate! (I cried)
Be all thy other gifts denied,
In this shall all my wishes be supplied;
  And sure a love like mine deserves no less.'

In vain, alas! in vain my prayer;
  Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
The' illusive form dissolv'd in air,
  And left my soul to grief resign'd:
As far from all my hopes she flies,
As deepest seas from loftiest skies:
Yet, still, on fancy deep impress'd,
The sad, the dear ideas rest;
Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,
  Hang black o'er life, and prey upon my mind.

Ah! goddess, scarce to mortals known,
  Who with thy shadow madly stray,
At length from Heaven, thy sacred throne,
  Dart through my soul one cheerful ray:
Ah! with some sacred lenient art,
Allay the anguish of my heart;
Ah! teach me, patient to sustain
Life's various stores of grief and pain;
Or, if I thus prefer my prayer in vain,
  Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

PHILANTHES:

A MONODY.

Inscribed to Miss D——y H——y [1].

' uis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.' HOR.

A SWAIN, whose soul the tuneful Nine inflame,
As to his western goal the sun declin'd,
  Sung to the listening shades no common theme;
While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
And deep resounding surge, in concert join'd.
  Deep was the surge, and deep the plaintive song,
  While all the solemn scene in mute attention hung.
Nor thou, fair victim of so just a woe!
Though still the pangs of nature swell thy heart,
Disdain the faithful muse; whose numbers flow
Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:
For in thy griefs the muses claim a part;
  'Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn,
  And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal urn.

The swain began, while conscious echoes round
Protract to sadder length his doleful lay:

[1] Occasioned by a series of interesting events which happened at Dumfries on Friday, June 12, 1752, particularly that of her father's death.

'Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound;
Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day;
O'er all the mournful plain
Let night and sorrow reign:
For Pan indignant from his fields retires,
Once haunts of gay delight;
Now every sense they fright,
Resound with shrieks of woe, and blaze with funeral fires.

What though the radiant sun and clement sky
Alternate warmth and showers dispense below;
Though spring presages to the careful eye,
That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow?
For us in vain her choicest blessings flow;
To ease the bleeding heart, alas! in vain
Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain.

What summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions borne,
From fate's relentless hand its prey can save?
What sun in death's dark regions wake the morn,
Or warm the cold recesses of the grave? [heave
Ah, wretched man! whose breast scarce learns to
With kindling life; when, ere thy bud is blown,
Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are gone.

Thou all-enlivening flame, intensely bright!
Whose sacred beams illume each wandering sphere,
That through high heaven reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year;
As thou pursu'st thy way,
Let this revolving day,

Deep-ting'd with conscious gloom, roll slow along:
In sable pomp array'd,
Let night diffuse her shade,
Nor sport the cheerless hind, nor chant the vocal throng.

Scarce, from the ardour of the mid-day gleam,
Had languid nature in the cool respir'd;
Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,
Faint sung the birds in verdant shades retir'd;
Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd,
Had evening gales the sportive wing essay'd,
When sounds of hopeless woe the silent scene invade.

Sophronia, long for every virtue dear
That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,
Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,
In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.
Ah me! in vain to heaven and earth complain'd
With tender cries her numerous orphan train;
The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in vain.

For her, was grief on every face impress'd;
For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs:
A husband late with all her virtues bless'd,
And weeping race in sad ideas rise:
For her, depress'd and pale,
Your charms, ye Graces, veil,
Whom to adorn was once your chief delight:
Ye virtues, all deplore
Your image, now no more,
And Hymen quench thy torch in tears and endless night.

Nor yet these dismal prospects disappear,
When o'er the weeping plain new horrors rise,
And louder accents pierce each frighted ear,
Accents of grief, embitter'd by surprise!
Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,
To snatch Adonis wash'd along the stream,
And all the' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

Rang'd on the brink the weeping matrons stand,
The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.
By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,
In fruitless efforts to regain the shore:
They view'd and mourn'd his fate: O Heaven!
they could no more.

Ye Naiads, guardians of the fatal flood,
Was beauty, sweetness, youth, no more your care?
For beauty, sweetness, youth, your pity woo'd,
Powerful to charm, if fate could learn to spare.
Stretch'd on cold earth he lies:
While, in his closing eyes,
No more the heaven-illumin'd lustre shines;
His cheek, once nature's pride,
With blooming roses dy'd,
To unrelenting fate its opening blush resigns.

Dear hapless youth! what felt thy mother's heart,
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid?
Such anguish when the soul and body part,
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade,
'Was there no hand (she cried) my child to aid?

Could Heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall survey,
Nor from the' insatiate waves redeem their
lovely prey?

Did I for this my tenderest cares employ,
To nourish and improve thy early bloom?
Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,
Extinct in death's inexorable gloom?
No more shall life those faded charms relume,
Dear ripening sweetness! sunk no more to rise!
Thee nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal eyes.

Fortune and life, your gifts how insecure!
How fair you promise! but how ill perform!
Like tender fruit, they perish premature,
Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the storm.
For thee a fate more kind
Thy mother's hopes assign'd,
Than thus to sink in early youth deplor'd:
But late thou fled'st my sight,
Thy parent's dear delight!
And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus restor'd?

Severe these ills; yet heavier still impend,
That wound with livelier grief the smarting soul:
As, ere the long-collected storm descend,
Red lightnings flash, and thunder shakes the pole;
Portentous, solemn, loud its murmurs roll:
While from the subject field the trembling hind
Views instant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

For scarce the bitter sigh and deepening groan
In fainter cadence died away in air,

When, lo! by fate a deadlier shaft was thrown,
Which open'd ev'ry source of deep despair:
As yet our souls those recent sorrows share,
Swift from th' adjacent field Menalcas flies,
While grief impels his steps, and tears bedew
his eyes.

'Weep on, (he cried) let tears no measure know;
Hence from those fields let pleasure wing her way:
Ye shades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe:
No more with summer's pride, ye meads, be gay.
Ah! why, with sweetness crown'd,
Should summer smile around?
Philanthes now is number'd with the dead:
Young health, all drown'd in tears,
A livid paleness wears;
Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade.

Him bright Hygeia, in life's early dawn,
Through nature's fav'rite walks with transport led,
Through woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
There summer's treasures to his view display'd,
What herbs and flowers salubrious juice bestow,
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

The paralytic nerve his art confess'd,
Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale:
Corrosive pain he soften'd into rest,
And bade the fever's rage no more prevail.
Unhappy art! decreed at last to fail,
Why linger'd then thy salutary pow'r,
Nor from a life so dear repell'd the destin'd hour?

Your griefs, O love and friendship, how severe!
When high to heaven his soul pursued her flight;
Your moving plaints still vibrate on my ear,
Still the sad vision swims before my sight.
O'er all the mournful scene,
Inconsolable pain,
In every various form, appear'd express'd,
The tear-distilling eye,
The long, deep, broken sigh,
Dissolv'd each tender soul, and heav'd in every breast.

Such were their woes, and oh! how just, how due!
What tears could equal such immense distress?
Time, cure of lighter ills, must ours renew,
And years the sense of what we lose increase.
From whom shall now the wretched hope redress?
Religion, where a nobler subject find,
So favour'd of the skies, so dear to humankind?

Fair friendship, smiling on his natal hour,
The babe selected in her sacred train;
She bade him round diffusive blessings show'r,
And in his bosom fix'd her favourite fane,
In glory thence how long, yet how serene,
Her vital influence spreads its cheering rays!
Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

As lucid streams refresh the smiling plain,
Opening the flowers that on their borders grow;
As grateful to the herb, descending rain,
That shrunk and wither'd in the solar glow:
So, when his voice was heard,
Affliction disappear'd;

Pleasure with ravish'd ears imbib'd the sound;
Grief with its sweetness sooth'd,
Each cloudy feature smooth'd,
And ever-waking care forgot the' eternal wound.

Such elegance of taste, such graceful ease,
Infus'd by Heaven, through all his manners shone;
In him it seem'd to join whate'er could please,
And plan the full perfection from its own:
He other fields and other swains had known,
Gentle as those of old by Phœbus [2] taught,
When polish'd with his lute, like him they spoke and thought.

Thus form'd alike to bless, and to be bless'd,
Such heavenly graces kindred graces found;
Her gentle turn the same, the same her taste,
With equal worth and equal candour crown'd:
Long may she search creation's ample round,
The joys of such a friendship to explore;
But, once in him expir'd, to joy she lives no more.

As nature to her works supremely kind,
His tender soul with all the parent glow'd,
On all his race, his goodness unconfin'd,
One full exhaustless stream of fondness flow'd;
Pleas'd as each genius rose,
New prospects to disclose,

[2] He was said to polish the swains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his son, he slew the Cyclops, and was doomed to keep the flocks of Admetus.

To form the mind, and raise its generous aim;
His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,
At once inspir'd and charm'd;
His looks, his words, his smiles, transfus'd the sacred flame.

Say ye, whose minds for long revolving years
The joys of sweet society have known,
Whose mutual fondness every hour endears,
Whose pains, whose pleasures, and whose souls are one;
O! say, for you can judge, and you alone,
What anguish pierc'd his widow'd consort's heart,
When from her dearer self for ever doom'd to part.

His children to the scene of death repair,
While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes;
He smiles indulgent, his paternal care,
In sadly-pleasing recollection rise:
But young Dorinda, with distinguish'd sighs,
Effusing all her soul in soft regret,
Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a father's fate.

Whether the day its wonted course renew'd,
Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade,
Her tender task assiduous she pursued,
To soothe his anguish, or his wants to aid;
To soften every pain,
The meaning look explain,
And scan the forming wish ere yet express'd:
The dying father smil'd
With fondness on his child,
And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodness bless'd.

At length, fair mourner, cease thy rising woe:
Its object still surviving seeks the skies,
Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,
And ampler scenes with heightening charms surprise;
There perfect life thy much-lov'd sire enjoys,
The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,
Where, in immortal breasts, immortal transports reign.

Ye mourning swains, your loud complaints forbear;
Still he, the genius of our green retreat,
Shall with benignant care our labours cheer,
And banish far each shock of adverse fate;
Mild suns and gentle showers on spring shall wait,
His hand with every fruit shall autumn store:
In Heaven your patron reigns, ye shepherds weep no more!

Henceforth his power shall with your Lares [3] join,
To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile;
To bid disease and languor cease to pine,
And fair abundance crown each rural toil:
While birds their lays resume,
And spring her annual bloom,
Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn;
To him, each rising day,
Devout libations pay:
In Heaven your patron reigns; no more, ye shepherds, mourn.

[3] Domestic gods.

THE WISH.

AN ELEGY.

'Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.'

HOR.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;
Then, with fond hopes, caress the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But, soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, share;
Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighbouring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind Heaven! expel the savage train,
  Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
  And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye powers of social life and tender song!
  To you devoted shall my fields remain;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
  Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
  For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
  And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But O! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
  In heavenly breasts could e'er compassion find;
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
  And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;
  For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my powers away,
  And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
  Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes expire;
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes;
  In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
  Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For Heaven, unlimited by time or place,
  Still waits on godlike worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
  How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
  And add new glories to the rising day.

With her all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
  The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
  And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose,
  Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
  Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
  To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd;
Kind nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
  And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as Heaven sublime,
  View its full blaze in open prospect glow;
Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
  Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And, when in virtue and in peace grown old,
  No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
  Till every nerve relax'd can hold no more:

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
  Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
Then soar where only greater joys attend,
  And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But if my fair this cruel law impose,
Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
And all her soul from every anguish free:
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
The joys of Heaven would be no joys to me.

ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF CONSTANTIA.

'His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.'——— VIRGIL.

By the pale glimmer of the conscious moon,
When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,
Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice
So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,

[1] An accomplished, but unfortunate young lady, of the city of Edinburgh, having (without the consent of her father) married a gentleman, who carried her to the West Indies; she was there cruelly forsaken by him, and lost her life by a mistaken medicine.

Its moving plaint effuses: like the song
Of Philomel, when through the vocal air,
Impell'd by deep inconsolable grief,
She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain;
And nature with religious silence hears?
'Tis she; my wandering senses recognise
The well-known charm, and all my listening soul
Is expectation. O! 'tis that dear voice,
Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days;
Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest
Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow.
Tell me, thou heavenly excellence! whose form
Still rises to my view, whose melting song
For ever echoes on my trembling ear,
Delightful ev'n in misery; O say!
What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky
Receives thy suffering virtue from the storm,
That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage?
Early, alas! too early didst thou feel
Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,
The soft serenity of life, how led
An unsuspecting victim! every blast
Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amid the waste
Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way
Unshelter'd and alone; while to thy groans
No generous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,
With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd
Thy drooping sweetness, uninur'd to pain.
That liberal hand, which, to the tortur'd sense
Of anguish, comfort's healing balm applied,
To Heaven and earth extended, vainly now
Implores the consolation once it gave,
Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,
The seat of mercy, which to each distress,

Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear
A willing tribute paid, now fruitless weeps,
Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.
  Thou loveliest sacrifice that ever fell
To perfidy and unrelenting hate!
How, in the hour of confidence and hope,
When love and expectation to thy heart
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view;
How fled the bright illusion, and at once
Forsook thee, plung'd in exquisite despair?
Thy friends; the insects of a summer-gale
That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam
Of gay prosperity, or from the flowers,
That in her sunshine bloom, with ardour suck
Sweetness unearn'd; thy temporary friends,
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd
By every gross imposture, or supine,
Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw
Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.
Thy wrongs ev'n nature's voice proclaim'd in vain;
Deaf to her tender importuning call,
And all the father in his soul extinct,
Thy parent sat; while on thy guiltless head
Each various torment, that embitters life,
Exhausted all their force; and, to ensure
Their execrable conquest, black and fell,
Ev'n as her native region, slander join'd;
And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish
Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd
Her pestilential vapour. Hence, fair truth,
Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, urg'd
Unheard the cause of innocence; the blush
Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.
  Meanwhile from these retreats with hapless speed,

By every hope and every wish impell'd,
Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd?
Ah me! from whom, and to what cursed arms
Wert thou betray'd: unfeeling as the rock
Which splits the vessel; while its helpless crew,
With shrieks of horror, deprecate their fate?
O earth! O righteous Heaven! could'st thou behold;
While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd,
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'st thou see
The violated vow, the marriage rite
Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind
Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn
Of vice, by long impunity confirm'd?
But thou, perfidious! tremble.—If on high
The hand of justice with impartial scale
Each word, each action poises, and exacts
Severe atonement from the' offending heart;
Oh! what hast thou to dread? what endless pangs,
What deep damnation must thy soul endure?
On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,
From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,
Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd;
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
Plagues that in hell no precedent can boast.
Ev'n in the silent, safe domestic hour,
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,
In fancy's ears, shall with a thousand tongues
Thunder despair and ruin: all her snakes
Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,
With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick
Their forky tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
With sanguine, fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense
Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,

The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints
Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd
To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss;
Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy sight
Anticipate the' impending wrath of Heaven.
In sleep, kind pause of being! when the nerve
Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,
Retires the sated vulture, when disease
And disappointment quaff Lethean draughts
Of sweet oblivion; from his charge unbless'd,
Shall speed thy better angel: to thy dreams
The' infernal gulf shall open, and disclose
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake
Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,
The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,
Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
Its fiercest flames shall prey; while from its depth
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge
Thy naked soul, ten thousand fathom down,
Amidst the boiling surges. Such their fate,
Whose hearts, indocile, to the sacred lore
Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far
The cry of soft compassion; nor can taste
Beatitude supreme in giving joy!
Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace
Shall prematurely perish; or survive
To feel their father's infamy, and curse
The tainted origin from which they sprung.
For, Oh! thy soul no soft compunction knew,
When that fair form, where all the graces liv'd,
Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast,

The sport of milder winds and seas, was thrown,
To glow or shiver in the keen extremes
Of every various climate: when that cheek,
Ting'd with the blush of heaven's unfading rose,
Grew pale with pining anguish; when that voice,
By angels tun'd to harmony and love,
Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,
Utter'd the last extremity of woe.

From foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid
Which friendship, love, humanity, at home
Denied her blasted worth. From foreign hands
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,
To soothe the fever's rage. From foreign eyes
The tear, by nature, love, and friendship due,
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in
Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd. [death,
Destin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave
Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the hearse
Of wealthy guilt, emblazon'd, boasts the pride
Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone
Protects or flatters its detested fame.
Vain trappings of mortality! When these
Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide;
Then thou, dear spirit! in immortal joy,
Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear;
And God himself, to listening worlds, proclaim
Thy injur'd tenderness, thy faith unstain'd,
Thy mildness long insulted, and thy worth
Severely tried, and found at last sincere.

But where, Oh! where shall art or nature find,
For smarting sorrow's ever recent wound,
Some bless'd restorative; whose powerful charm
May soothe thy friend's regret, within his breast
Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,

By sad reflection prompted, cease to fall!
These, still as moments, days, and years revolve,
A consecrated offering, shall attend
Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:
Till the pale night of destiny obscure
Life's wasting taper; till each torpid sense
Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.

A SOLILOQUY:

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S ESCAPE FROM FALLING INTO A DEEP WELL,

Where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite Lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet upon the board with which the Well was covered, warned him of his danger.

'Quid quisque viret, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.'——— HORAT.

WHERE am I!—O Eternal Power of Heaven!
Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,
Can danger's cry approach no generous ear,
Prompt to redress the' unhappy? O my heart!
What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Will no kind hand, benevolent as Heav'n,
Save me involv'd in peril and in night!
Erect with horror stands my bristling hair;
My tongue forgets its motion; strength forsakes
My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,
No passage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,

Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.
For on the verge, the awful verge of fate
Scarce fix'd I stand; and one progressive step
Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,
To gulfs impervious to the cheerful sun
And fragrant breeze; to that abhor'd abode,
Where silence and oblivion, sisters drear!
With cruel death confederate empire hold,
In desolation and primeval gloom.
Ha! what unmans me thus? what, more than [horror,
Relaxes every nerve, untunes my frame,
And chills my inmost soul?—Be still, my heart!
Nor fluttering thus, in vain attempt to burst
The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.
Resume your functions, limbs! restrain those knees
From smiting thus each other. Rouse, my soul!
Assert thy native dignity, and dare
To brave this king of terrors; to confront
His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,
With steady scorn, in conscious triumph bold.
Reason, that beam of uncreated day,
That ray of Deity, by God's own breath
Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel
Those fancied terrors: reason will instruct thee,
That death is Heaven's kind interposing hand,
To snatch thee timely from impending woe;
From aggregated misery, whose pangs
Can find no other period but the grave.
For Oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and [streams:
Or, with delight ineffable, survey
The sun, bright image of his parent God;
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This varied globe revolving; young-ey'd spring,

Profuse of life and joy; summer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, brightening heaven and earth;
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame:
Whilst others view heaven's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and lost in joy,
Fair order and utility behold;
Or, unfatigued, the' amazing chain pursue,
Which, in one vast all-comprehending whole,
Unites the' immense stupendous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and through the frame
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view [1].
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd spring,
Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heaven, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.
O beauty, harmony! ye sister train
Of graces; you, who, in the' admiring eye
Of God your charms display'd, ere yet, transcrib'd
On nature's form, your heavenly features shone:
Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight,
Whilst, in your stead, a boundless waste expanse
Of undistinguish'd horror covers all?
Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes
Her inauspicious vapour; in whose shade,
Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,

[1] The author had the misfortune to lose his sight by the small-pox, when he was only six months old.

In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share
Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.
Hence oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,
To barbarous mirth abandon'd, points me out
With idiot grin: the supercilious eye
Oft, from the noise and glare of prosperous life,
On my obscurity diverts its gaze,
Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,
Felicitates its own superior lot:
Inhuman triumph! hence the piercing taunt
Of titled insolence inflicted deep.
Hence the warm blush that paints ingenuous shame,
By conscious want inspir'd; the' unpitied pang
Of love and friendship slighted. Hence the tear
Of impotent compassion, when the voice
Of pain, by others felt, quick smites my heart,
And rouses all its tenderness in vain.
All these, and more, on this devoted head,
Have with collected bitterness been pour'd.
Nor end my sorrows here. The sacred fane
Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,
With heart-consuming anguish I behold;
Knowledge, for which my soul insatiate burns
With ardent thirst. Nor can these useless hands,
Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,
Nourish this wretched being, and supply
Frail nature's wants, that short cessation know.
Where[2] now, ah! where is that supporting arm
Which to my weak, unequal infant steps,
Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,

[2] The character here drawn is that of the author's father, whose unforeseen fate had just before happened: he was killed by the fall of a malt-kiln.

That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd
My wishes yet scarce form'd; and, to my view,
Unimportun'd, like all-indulging Heav'n,
Their objects brought! Ah! where that gentle voice
Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews
Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
Distinguish'd every hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which amid the storms,
The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unsubdued, the shock sustain'd?
So firm the oak which, in eternal night,
As deep its root extends, as high to heaven
Its top majestic rises: such the smile
Of some benignant angel, from the throne
Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace;
Who on his look impress'd his message bears,
And, pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill.
Alas! no wife thy parting kisses shar'd:
From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd
Thy last, dear blessing, and thy last advice.
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey
For every storm, whose lawless fury roars
Beneath the azure concave of the sky,
To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage.
  Dejecting prospect! soon the hapless hour
May come; perhaps this moment it impends,
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
Naked, and beat by all the storms of heaven,
Friendless and guideless to explore my way;
Till on cold earth this poor unshelter'd head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast
Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.
  Me miserable! wherefore, O my soul!

Was, on such hard conditions, life desir'd?
One step, one friendly step, without thy guilt,
Had plac'd me safe in thy profound recess,
Where, undisturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,
And sweet forgetfulness of grief and care.
Why, then, my coward soul! didst thou recoil?
Why shun the final exit of thy woe?
Why shiver at approaching dissolution?
  Say why, by nature's unresisted force,
Is every being, where volition reigns
And active choice, impell'd to shun their ate,
And dread destruction as the worst of ills;
Say, why they shrink, why fly, why fight, why risk
Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,
Which, lengthen'd, is at best protracted pain?
Say, by what mystic charms can life allure
Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far
Plac'd in the' extensive scale of nature, want
Those blessings Heaven accumulates on me?
Blessings superior; though the blaze of day
Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream,
To me extinct in everlasting shades:
Yet heaven-taught music, at whose powerful voice
Corrosive care and anguish, charm'd to peace,
Forsake the heart, and yield it all to joy,
Ne'er soothes their pangs. To their insensate view
Knowledge in vain her fairest treasure spreads.
To them the noblest gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Sweet conversation, whose enlivening force
Elates, distends, and, with unfading strength,
Inspires the soul, remains for ever lost.
The sacred sympathy of social hearts;
Benevolence, supreme delight of heaven;
The' extensive wish, which in one wide embrace

All beings circles, when the swelling soul
Partakes the joys of God; ne'er warms their breasts.
As yet my soul ne'er felt the' oppressive weight
Of indigence unaided; swift redress,
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,
And every wish of nature amply bless'd,
Though, o'er the future series of my fate,
Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign
To blend their baleful fire: oft, while the sun
Darts boundless glory through the' expanse of [heaven,
A gloom of congregated vapours rise,
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
Portending tempest; till the source of day
Again asserts the empire of the sky,
And, o'er the blotted scene of nature, throws
A keener splendour. So, perhaps that care,
Through all creation felt, but most by man,
Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh
Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.
Perhaps, enlivening hope! perhaps my soul
May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay
Her unextinguish'd ardour in the stream:
Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,
Set by the hand of nature, ever points,
Restless and faithful, as the' attractive force
By which all bodies to the centre tend.
What then! because the' indulgent sire of all
Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere;
Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,
In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine;
Shall I regret my destiny, and curse
That state, by Heaven's paternal care, design'd
To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,

These ages, measur'd by the orbs of heaven,
In blank annihilation fade away?
For scenes, where, finish'd by the' almighty art,
Beauty and order open to the sight
In vivid glory; where the faintest rays
Out-flash the splendour of our mid-day sun?
Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd
To each constituent of this wondrous frame
Its proper powers, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakness, whence results
Concord ineffable; shall he reverse
Or disconcert the universal scheme,
The general good, to flatter selfish pride
And blind desire?—Before the' Almighty voice
From non-existence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? what to shine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?
Who, conscious of their origin divine,
Eternal order, beauty, truth, and good,
Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.
  Hush! then, my heart, with pious cares suppress
This timid pride, and impotence of soul:
Learn now, why all those multitudes which crowd
This spacious theatre, and gaze on heaven,
Invincibly averse to meet their fate,
Avoid each danger; know this sacred truth;
All perfect Wisdom, on each living soul,
Engrav'd this mandate, 'to preserve their frame,
And hold entire the general orb of being.'
Then, with becoming reverence let each pow'r,
In deep attention, hear the voice of God;
That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,
Commands its resignation to his law!

For this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious stage
Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,
The wreath of conquest; basely to desert
The part assign'd me, and with dastard fear,
From present pain, the cause of future bliss,
To shrink into the bosom of the grave?
How then is gratitude's vast debt repaid?
Where all the tender offices of love
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart
Each blessing it communicates enjoys?
How then shall I obey the first great law
Of nature's Legislator, deep impress'd
With double sanction, restless fear of death,
And fondness still to breathe this vital air?
Nor is th' injunction hard; who would not sink
A while in tears and sorrow, then emerge
With tenfold lustre, triumph o'er his pain,
And with unfading glory shine in heav'n?
Come then, my little guardian genius! cloth'd
In that familiar form, my Phylax, come!
Let me caress thee, hug thee to my heart,
Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.
Had not thy interposing fondness stay'd
My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now,
My soul, by nature's sharpest pangs expel'd,
Had left this frame; had pass'd the dreadful bound,
Which life from death divides, divides this scene
From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,
Impervious to the sharpest mortal sight,
Elude our keenest search—But still I err.
Howe'er thy grateful undesigning heart,
In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid;
Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,
Not ev'n remotely distant couldst thou view.
Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,

Nor feel the least alarm where I had sunk :
Nor couldst thou judge the awful depth below,
Which, from its watry bottom, to receive
My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmost skill,
Thy deepest penetration here had stopt
Short of its aim; and in the strong embrace
Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.
No—Heaven's high Sovereign, provident of all,
Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first
To check my heedless course, and hence I live.
Eternal Providence! whose equal sway
Weighs each event, whose ever-wakeful care,
Connecting high with low, minute with great,
Attunes the wondrous whole, and bids each part
In one unbroken harmony conspire:
Hail! sacred Source of happiness and life!
Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!
To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,
Unwearied tends; and finds in thee alone,
Security, enjoyment, and repose.
By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,
Through every period of my infant state,
Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.
O! could my lays, with heavenly raptures warm,
High as thy throne, re-echo to the songs
Of angels; thence, O! could my prayer obtain
One beam of inspiration, to inflame
And animate my numbers; Heaven's full choir,
In loftier strains, the' inspiring God might sing;
Yet not more ardent, more sincere than mine.
But though my voice, beneath the seraph's note,
Must check its feeble accents, low depress'd
By dull mortality; to thee, great Soul
Of heaven and earth! to thee my hallow'd strain
Of gratitude and praise shall still ascend.

EPITAPH ON HIS FATHER.

HERE drop, benevolence, thy sacred tear,
A friend of humankind reposes here;
A man content himself and God to know;
A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow:
Beneath each pressure uniformly great;
In life untainted, unsurpris'd by fate.
Such, though obscur'd by various ills, he shone;
Consol'd his neighbours' woes, and bore his own:
Heaven saw, and snatch'd from fortune's rage its prey,
To share the triumphs of eternal day.

TO MRS. ANNE BLACKLOCK,

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

With a Copy of the Scotch Edition of his Poems.

O THOU! who gav'st me first this world to' explore,
Whose frame for me a mother's anguish bore;
For me, whose heart its vital current drain'd,
Whose bosom nurs'd me, and whose arms sustain'd:
What though thy son, dependent, weak, and blind,
Deplore his wishes check'd, his hopes confin'd?
Though want, impending, cloud each cheerless day,
And death with life seem struggling for their prey?
Let this console, if not reward thy pain,
Unhappy he may live, but not in vain.

THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

While in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind:
How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind!
By self the fop in magic colours shown,
Though scorn'd by every eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles seize the conquering maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flattering shade.
Then, wonder-working self! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others as to me display.
Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth a child may listen without fear;
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
'See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way.'
The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau;
But thanks to nature! none from me need fly,
One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.
Yet, though my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:

For as some vessel, toss'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side;
In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view, and not be forc'd to love?
  Hail! charming self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands display'd:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
  Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd,
Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I should do so.
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
  These careless lines if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a generous flame to own;
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But, should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice;
Cry, 'save us, Heaven! a spectre, not a man!'
Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan:

If I my tender overture repeat;
O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow,
And with tall honours dignify my brow!

EPIGRAM.

TO A GENTLEMAN, WHO ASKED MY SENTIMENTS OF HIM.

DEAR Fabius! me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourself you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

ON PUNCH.

HENCE! restless care and low design,
Hence! foreign compliments and wine;
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly tempering meet.
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd;
Awhile the catch and toast go round:
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind;
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

I NEVER bark'd when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below;
Happy for man could he say so!

TO A LADY,

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

O, FORM'D at once to feel and to inspire
  The noblest passions of the human breast,
Attend the accent of love's favourite lyre,
  And let thy soul its moving force attest.

Expressive passion, in each sound convey'd,
  Shall all its joy disclose, and all its smart;
Reason to modest tenderness persuade,
  Smooth every thonght, and tranquillize the heart.

False is that wisdom, impotent and vain,
  Which scorns the sphere by Heaven to men as-[sign'd,
Which treats love's purest fires with mock disdain,
  And, human, soars above the humankind.

Silent the muse of elegy remain'd,
  Her plaints untaught by nature to renew,
Whilst sportive art delusive sorrows feign'd,
  With how much ease distinguish'd from the true!

Ev'n polish'd Waller mourns the constant scorn
  Of Saccharissa, and his fate, in vain:
With love his fancy, not his heart is torn;
  We praise his wit, but cannot share his pain.

Such force has nature, so supremely fair,
  With charms maternal her productions shine;
The vivid grace and unaffected air
  Proclaim them all her own, and all divine.

Should youthful merit in such strains implore,
  Let beauty still vouchsafe a gentle tear.
What can the soul, with passion thrill'd, do more?
  The song must prove the sentiment sincere.

Cold cunning ne'er, with animated strain,
  To other breasts can warmth unfelt impart:
We see her labour with industrious pain,
  And mock the turgid impotence of art.

ODE TO AMYNTA.

By folly led from snare to snare,
Of bitter grief, suspense, and care,
  A voluntary prey:
With every flattering good resign'd,
Once more myself and peace to find,
  From thee I force my way.

Yet with reluctant step and slow,
From all that's dear while thus I go,
  Some pity let me claim!
Less smart the' expiring martyr feels,
While racks distend, or torturing wheels
  Tear his devoted frame.

Nor think, like infants prone to change,
From sordid views or weak revenge
  My resolutions flow:
'Tis God's, 'tis nature's great behest,
On every living soul impress'd,
  To seek relief from woe;

Nor yet explore, with curious bent,
What, known, would but thy soul torment,
  And all its hopes betray:
When painful truths invade the mind,
Ev'n wisdom wishes to be blind,
  And hates the' officious ray.

Ye powers! who, cordial and serene,
Protect the dear domestic scene,
  To your retreats I fly;
At length, by yours and reason's aid,
I may to rest this heart persuade,
  And wipe the tearful eye.

There nature, o'er the heart supreme,
Shall every tender wish reclaim,
  Where'er they fondly stray;
There friendship's arms my fall sustain,
When, languid with excess of pain,
  My fainting nerves give way.

With cadence soft the flowing stream,
The fawning breeze, the lambent gleam,
  Shall join their various power,
To bid each passion's rising tide
In philosophic ease subside,
  And soothe my pensive hour.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

SPOKEN AT THE DESIRE OF A GENTLEMAN.

THOU, genius of connubial love, attend;
Let silent wonder all thy powers suspend;
Whilst to thy glory I devote my lays,
And pour forth all my grateful heart in praise.
  In lifeless strains let vulgar satire tell,
That marriage oft is mix'd with Heaven and hell,
That conjugal delight is sour'd with spleen,
And peace and war compose the varied scene;
My muse a truth sublimer can assert,
And sing the triumphs of a mutual heart.
Thrice happy they, who, through life's varied tide,
With equal peace and gentler motion glide;
Whom, though the wave of fortune sinks or swells,
One reason governs, and one wish impels;
Whose emulation is to love the best;
Who feel no bliss, but in each other bless'd;
Who know no pleasure but the joys they give,
Nor cease to love, but when they cease to live:
If fate these blessings in one lot combine,
Then let the' eternal page record them mine.

TO THE REV. DR. OGILVIE[1].

'I decus, i, nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.'
VIRGIL.

DEAR to the muses and their tuneful train,
Whom, long pursued, I scarce at last regain;
Why should'st thou wonder, if, when life declines,
His antiquated lyre thy friend resigns.
Haply, when youth elate with native force,
Or emulation fires the generous horse,
He bounds, he springs, each nerve elastic strains,
And if not victor some distinction gains;
But should the careless master of the steed
Cherish no more his mettle or his speed,
Indignantly he shuns all future strife,
And wastes in indolent regret his life.
Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;
Excursive, on the gentle gales of spring,
He rov'd whilst favour imp'd his timid wing:
Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires;
The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerless gloom and winter premature.
But thou, my friend, whom higher omens lead,
Bold to achieve, and mighty to succeed,

[1] The author of 'Providence,' and several other poems.

For whom fresh laurels, in eternal bloom,
Impregnate Heaven and earth with rich perfume;
Pursue thy destin'd course, assert thy fame;
Ev'n Providence shall vindicate thy claim:
Ev'n nature's wreck, resounding through thy lays,
Shall in its final crash proclaim thy praise.

TO A FRIEND,

OF WHOSE HEALTH AND SUCCESS THE AUTHOR HAD HEARD AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

Thou dearest of friends to my heart ever known,
Whose enjoyments and sufferings have still been my own,
Since early we met in susceptible youth,
When glowing for virtue, and toiling for truth;
To God one petition, with steady regard,
With ardour incessant, my spirit prefer'd—
Thy life to protract, and thy blessings augment!
Now my wish is obtain'd, and my bosom content.
You ask, by what means I my livelihood gain,
And how my long conflict with fortune maintain?
The question is kind, yet I cannot tell why,
'Tis hard for a spirit like mine to reply.
If a friend with a friend must be free and sincere,
My vesture is simple, and sober my cheer;
But though few my resources, and vacant my purse,
One comfort is left me, things cannot be worse.
'Tis vain to repine, as philosophers say,
So I take what is offer'd, and live as I may;
To my wants, still returning, adapt my supplies,
And find in my hope what my fortune denies.

To the powerful and great had I keenly applied,
Had I toil'd for their pleasures, or flatter'd their pride;
In splendour and wealth I perhaps might have flam'd,
For learning, for virtue, for every thing fam'd.
The gamester, the informer, the quack, and the smuggler,
The bully, the player, the mimic, the juggler,
The dispenser of libels, the teller of fortunes,
And others of equal respect and importance,
Find high reputation and ample subsistence,
Whilst craving necessity stands at a distance.
But who could determine, in soundness of brain,
By priesthood, or poetry, life to sustain?
Our Maker to serve, or our souls to improve,
Are tasks self-rewarded, and labours of love.
Such with hunger and thirst are deservedly paid,
'Tis glorious to starve by so noble a trade:
'Tis guilt and ambition for priests to pretend
Their fame to advance, and their fortune amend;
Their fame and their fortune, by pious mankind,
Are such trifles esteem'd as no mortal should mind.
Nor less by the world is the heaven-gifted bard
In his visions abandon'd, to find his reward.
Can sensations of wretchedness ever invade
The breast which Apollo his temple has made?
On the top of Parnassus his hermitage lies;
And who can repine, when so near to the skies?
For him sweet ambrosia spontaneously grows;
For him Aganippe spontaneously flows.
Though the beverage be cool, and ethereal the diet,
Fine souls, thus regal'd, should be happy and quiet.
But I, who substantial nutrition require,
Would rather the muses should feed than inspire:

And whilst lofty Pindus my fancy explores,
To earth the wild fugitive hunger restores.
Yet lest what I mean be obscurely express'd,
No call is unanswer'd, no wish unredress'd:
But other resources supplied what was wanting,
Less barren employments than preaching or chanting.
For thee, whom I glory to claim as my friend,
May stars more propitious thy labours attend;
On earth be thy prospect still smiling and bright,
And thy portion hereafter immortal delight!

ODE TO AURORA,

ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn,
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from Heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth, and marks the year;

And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffus'd around the' expanded skies,
Till, cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
All Heaven's vast concave flames with light;
So when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye:
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Bless'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine.

TO MELISSA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1790.

Dear, welcome sharer of my breast,
Of friends the kindest and the best,
What numbers shall the muse employ,
To speak my gratitude and joy:
Twice ten times has the circling year,
And oftener, finish'd its career,
Since first in Hymen's sacred bands,
With mingled hearts, we join'd our hands.
  Auspicious hour! from whence I date
The brightest colours of my fate;
From whence felicity alone
To my dejected heart was known.
For then, my days from woe to screen,
Thy watchful tenderness was seen;
Nor did its kind attentions miss
To heighten and improve my bliss.

Oft have I felt its pleasing power
Delude the solitary hour;
Oft has it charm'd the cruel smart,
When pain and anguish rack'd my heart.
Thus may our days which yet remain
Be free from bitterness and pain!
So limpid streams still purer grow,
For ever brightening as they flow.
When death must come, for come it will,
And I Heaven's purposes fulfil;
When heart with heart, and soul with soul
Blending, I reach life's utmost goal;
When nature's debt this frame shall pay,
And earth receive my mortal clay;
Not unconcern'd shalt thou behold
My ashes mingling with the mold;
But drop a tear, and heave a sigh,
Yet hope to meet me in the sky;
When, life's continual sufferings o'er,
We joyful meet, to part no more.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, Goswell Street, London.

Park, Thomas
The select works of the minor British poets